

Sports Illustrated



OCTOBER 24, 1983 \$1.75

**THE
HERO!**

**Rick Dempsey:
Baltimore's World Series MVP**



**IT'S
FILTERED!**



**LUCKY
STRIKES
AGAIN**

*The filter says mild.
The name says taste.*

© 1987 Philip Morris Inc.
Cigarettes by FTC mg/tar
Also available in soft pack

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Latest HLDI Report on Highway Safety:

6th YEAR
IN A ROW

GM WINS AGAIN

HIGHWAY LOSS DATA INSTITUTE PUTS SEVEN GM CARS IN TOP TEN.

1980-1982 passenger cars with "Substantially Better than Average" overall injury claim experience.

Make	Body	Relative Frequency
✓1. Oldsmobile Custom Cruiser	S.W.	56
✓2. Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight	4 Dr.	61
✓3. Oldsmobile Toronado	Spec.	62
✓4. Buick LeSabre	4 Dr.	63
✓5. Cadillac DeVille	4 Dr.	63
6. Ford LTD	S.W.	63
✓7. Oldsmobile Delta 88	4 Dr.	64
✓8. Oldsmobile Cutlass	S.W.	66
9. Volvo 245	S.W.	66
10. Mercury Marquis	4 Dr.	68

Source: Highway Loss Data Institute. Body Styles: S.W.=Station Wagon, Spec.=specialty.

All results are stated in relative frequency of injury claims. A relative injury claim frequency of 100 is average. Relative frequencies of less than 70 are defined by HLDI as "Substantially Better than Average."

The Highway Loss Data Institute (HLDI) is a non-profit public service organization associated with the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. As it has done for several years, HLDI has summarized and published its findings on the frequency of automotive insurance claims.

This report is based on insurance industry data equivalent to 5,022,149 cars being driven for one year.

This year, HLDI finds that of the ten models with overall injury claim experience defined as "Substantially Better than Average," seven are General Motors cars.

We are pleased that GM cars are rated best.

But we are not surprised. In fact, GM cars

have dominated these lists ever since HLDI has been summarizing them. Six years in a row.

We believe this continued excellence reflects not only our cars—their quality, size, weight, and design—but also how and where they are driven.

The results show that our cars and our customers go well together. We trust it will continue that way. We're doing our part to see that it does.

We believe in taking the extra time, giving the extra effort, and paying attention to every detail.

That's what it takes to provide the quality that leads more people to buy GM cars and trucks than any other kind. And that's why GM owners are the most loyal on the road.

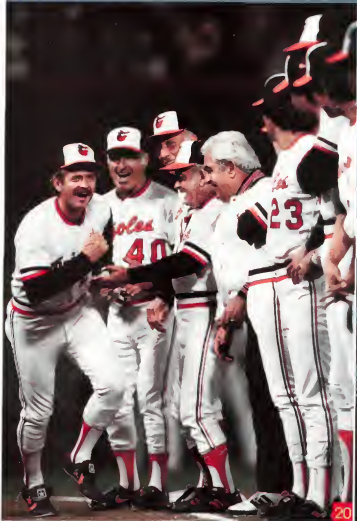
That's the GM commitment to excellence.



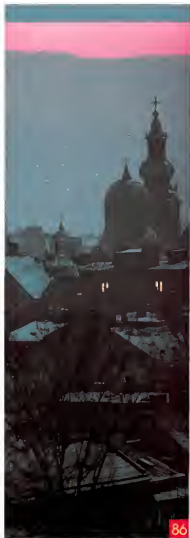
Chevrolet • Pontiac • Oldsmobile • Buick • Cadillac • GMC Truck

Let's get it together. Buckle up.

LEADING OFF



In Baltimore, Rick Dempsey couldn't wait to get at the Philadelphia Phillies in the World Series, while far away in Yugoslavia, Sarajevo awaits the '84 Winter Games.



CONTENTS

OCT. 24, 1983 volume No. 38

Cover photograph by Reuters/C. Moore

20 The Orioles All Pitched In

Baltimore routed Philadelphia in a five-game World Series that featured rookie Mike Boddicker and a trio of Stoges
by Steve Wulf

38 A Close Call for Captain Jack

Under the command of Jack Nicklaus a team of U.S. golf pros barely defeated the Europeans for the Ryder Cup
by Dan Jenkins

40 Gone With The Wins

Tampa Bay is 0-7 without USFL-bound Quarterback Doug Williams, the key man in Coach John McKay's plans
by John Underwood

50 He'd Sooner Be at Home

Disenchanted with football and his coach, Oklahoma Tailback Marcus Dupree went AWOL back to Mississippi
by Douglas S. Looney

86 A Trip East with West

Dame Rebecca West's classic volume inspired a journey to the fascinating country of the 1984 Winter Olympics
by William Oscar Johnson

DEPARTMENTS

17 Scorecard	76 Pro Football
56 Movies	80 Bridge
63 Horse Racing	111 For the Record
67 College Football	122 19th Hole

Continued on page 111

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-8336) is published weekly, except one week during a week in February and a week in September, also two weeks combined at year-end for \$4.35 (which includes the October issue). Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes in New York, N.Y., to Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 518, Hightstown, NJ 08520. Second-class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized at reduced rates by Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each U.S. nation where it is published. POSTMASTER: Send address changes in Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 518, Hightstown, NJ 08520. Change to: \$5.15.

© 1983 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRINTED IN U.S.A. WITHOUT PERMISSION. PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTER/C. MOORE. COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTER/C. MOORE.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JOHNSON AND COOKE: ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Senior Writer William Oscar (Bill) Johnson and Photographer Jerry Cooke, the talented combination that produced the Yugoslavian travel story that begins on page 86, have been traveling the world as a team for 51 since 1969. In Norway, Austria, China, Russia, Japan, Switzerland and now Yugoslavia they have dealt with and survived, at times triumphantly, tangled bureaucracies, exotic customs and some of the world's more challenging cuisines. "We had a problem with a boiled sheep's head in Norway," says Cooke. "In China," says Johnson, "we had a meal they said was pig but we think might have been dog."

At first glance, Johnson and Cooke would appear mismatched, something of a journalistic odd couple, in fact. Cooke's tailor is Savile Row. Johnson's is L.L. Bean. Cooke's pace in all things is measured. Johnson's is often frantic. When Johnson travels he carries two dirty duffel bags, a typewriter and, frequently, the manuscript of a novel in progress. Cooke packs, in addition to several hundred pounds of photographic gear, a silk dressing gown, a reading light, a 220-volt coffee pot, soup cubes, Mozart on tape and several articles carefully clipped from *The New Yorker* and *The Wall Street Journal* for reading on planes. Cooke was born in Russia in 1922 and lived in India, Italy and

Germany before settling in the U.S. in 1939. He speaks six languages, and in his English there remains just a hint of a Continental accent. Johnson, who was born in Wamamingo, Minn. in 1931, has polished his native tongue in Georgia, Maryland, Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York, but Minnesota survives unmistakably in his vowels.

Yet the chemistry works. "I couldn't think of anybody better to travel with," says Johnson. "It's hard to go someplace Cooke hasn't been, and he never forgets anything. He first went to Yugoslavia 29 years ago, the same year I graduated from college, and he still remembers restaurants, details of scene and history—everything." Says Cooke, "It isn't easy for a writer and a photographer to travel together. Their aims are so different. But we seem to do it very well. We don't get in each other's way."

In 1973, Cooke and Johnson joined a delegation of U.S. basketball players on a trip to China, the fourth such visit allowed following the 1971 thaw in Sino-American diplomatic relations. Both agree that the trip was the high-water mark of their travels together. "It was like going to the moon," says Johnson. "Like nothing you could imagine." One of their stops was Tao Chiao, China's famous Swimming Village on the Pearl River. Says Johnson, "When we arrived, just the two of us and our interpreter on our own boat, everybody jumped in the river. The entire town. The water was filled with heads. It was like being the Messiah."

The product of that trip was "Faces on a New China Scroll" (*SI*, Sept. 24 and Oct. 1, 1973), a memorable story to match a memorable event, the lifting of the so-called Bamboo Curtain. This February, the Winter Olympics will be held in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia—for the first time in a socialist country—and Johnson and Cooke have come up with a story to do justice to the event.

Robert L. Miller

On the way up,
the work
may not get easier,
but the rewards
get better.

Johnnie Walker®
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
IN 6 PROOF BOTTLES IN SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.C. © 1983

Say "Merry Christmas" with a year of
Sports Illustrated

Give a sports friend 32 issues of colorful sports action. It's easy. Just use the attached card. If the card is missing, order with our toll-free number. 1-800-621-4600. We'll send you a handsome SI greeting card to announce the gift.

JOIN THE NO. 1 LOG HOME COMPANY AND GET YOUR BUSINESS ROLLING.

As a franchise dealer, your chances for success are nine times greater than if you started out on your own. Imagine how you can improve those odds by going with the No. 1 company in the field.

For well over a decade, New England Log Homes has been designing, engineering and perfecting the industry's most technically advanced structures. Our homes provide comfort, rustic charm, ease



of maintenance and substantial energy savings for families from Bangor to Butte, Seattle to Savannah.

Today, log home sales are building — both in sheer numbers and share of market. To help our franchisees take maximum advantage of this expanding market, we provide solid marketing experience, an extensive training program, national and cooperative advertising support — and a proven product

Get your business rolling. Call or write for more information today.
Franchise Director, New England Log Homes, Inc., 2301 State Street
P.O. Box 55651, Hamden, CT 06511 (203) 962-9961
Outside CT call 1-800-243-3551

New England Log Homes offers more than 40 models with hundreds of design options that let homeowners design one to fit individual/family needs.
Free color brochure and \$6.00 Planning Kit available.

NEW ENGLAND LOG HOMES



Manufacturing facilities in Great Barrington, Massachusetts; Lanesville, Virginia; Haverhill, Massachusetts; and Meriden, California (1986).
© Copyright 1983 by NELH.

THE 24 HOUR BODY.



Available with pin selector weight.
Patent Pending

Introduce your body to the Dax Body Machine® and create the sculptured body you want, any size and proportions you want, right in your own home.

The Dax Body Machine. The innovative, complete bodybuilding tool that not only does wonders for your body but reflexively improves your aerobic fitness as well. But without radically altering your lifestyle. And, incredibly, in only about 24 hours actual training time, regardless of whether you're a man or a woman.

The Dax Body Machine doesn't lend itself to the unnecessary gimmicky common to many home training devices. There's no rubber bands, rings, springs or other things. It's a true weight system, pure and simple, capable of providing over 80 different bodybuilding exercises. The Dax Body Machine. It'll deliver a lot better body for the bucks. For our free brochure call

**TOLL FREE
1-800-622-BODY**

DAK BODY MACHINES, PHOENIX, AZ 85009
4101 W. Vanburn Dr., Suite No. 2

PARENTAL GUIDANCE.

Tell your parents about the security of Direct Deposit.
It's the kind of guidance they'll appreciate, and it's a nice way to let them know you care.

With Direct Deposit, their Social Security goes straight to their checking or savings account. They don't have to wait for the check or worry about it.

Have them ask for it where they now deposit their Government checks. It's free. And after all, they've got it coming.

DIRECT DEPOSIT
**AFTER ALL,
THEY'VE GOT IT COMING.**



AT&T

United States Treasury

Founder: Harry R. Lutz 1839-1892

Editor-in-Chief: Henry A. Lutz 1892-1967

President: J. Richard Marino

Chairman of the Board: Ralph P. Davidson

Executive Vice President: Clifford J. Gray

Editorial Director: Nolan Graves

Group Vice President, Marketing: Ralph P. Sullivan

Executive Vice President, Magazine: Philip G. Howell

Managing Editor: G. Lee Ragan

Assistant Managing Editors: Kenneth Rudeen, Peter Calk, Mark

Murphy

Art Director: Harvey Galt

Editorial Operations Director: Bob Brown

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson

Senior Editor: Theodore N. Rosenbaum, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

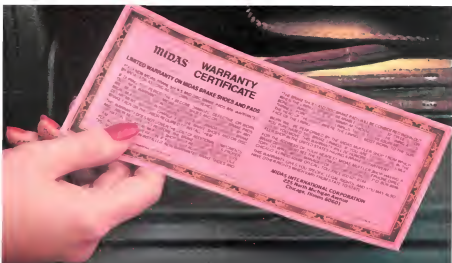
Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien

Senior Editor: John K. Robinson, Bill Colson, Myra O'Brien



ONE OF THE BEST THINGS ABOUT A MIDAS BRAKE JOB IS THE PART THAT GOES IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

It's the Midas® Guarantee on brake shoes and disc brake pads. And it says that if they ever wear out, Midas will replace them free for as long as you own your car. At over 1200 participating Midas shops across the country.

That means you'll never have to buy brake shoes or pads for your car again. You will be charged for additional parts and labor required to restore the brake system to its proper operation.

Most places that do brake jobs won't give you a guarantee like ours. But we offer the Midas Guarantee for one good reason. Because we think the best way to make sure we have your business, is to make sure we have your trust.

Trust the Midas Touch.®

©Midas International Corporation

midas®



SCIENCE IS CHANGING THE SHAPE OF YOUR WORLD

THE SEARCH FOR EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE

ROBOTS THAT THINK

HEAT THERAPY AND ANTIBODY TREATMENTS FOR CANCER

TRAINS THAT FLY

A LIFE-PROLONGING ARTIFICIAL HEART



And DISCOVER reports it all—the trail-blazing discoveries, the breakthroughs that affect every aspect of your life—in clear, concise stories and memorable photographs that bring science alive on the page. From the publishers of TIME and LIFE.

DISCOVER

THE NEWSMAGAZINE OF SCIENCE

Pick up a copy of your newsstand today, or write DISCOVER, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611. For faster service, call toll-free to enter your subscription: 1-800-621-8200 (In Illinois call 800-972-8302). 12 issues just \$21.95 (rate good in U.S. only).

spotlight

by MICHAEL PARFITT

IN A YEARLONG 50TH-BIRTHDAY BINGE, THIS RUNNER RAN 50 MARATHONS PLUS

About a mile down from the summit of Pikes Peak, near the water tank installed in by the Army to save the lives of the runners, Robert Fletcher fell among the rocks. While bounding down the trail he tripped and crashed as if shot, tumbling forward on his right shoulder and rolling into a gap between red-brown granite boulders. He lay still for a second, breathing hard, as if using his remarkable force of will to pull his battered body back into a functioning unit. Then, to the surprise of onlookers, who were preparing to call stretcher-bearers down from the Cirque aid station above, he bounded to his feet and took off down the trail, his GREATER HOUSTON singlet now stained with red dust and one bare shoulder scraped, but his reckless pace undiminished.

"Did you like that one?" he asked a journalist who was running the final leg of the Pikes Peak Marathon with him. Between gasps for breath in the thin air at 13,000 feet, the reporter muttered anxiously, "Don't show me any more." It was a wish in vain. Fletcher is a 51-year-old instruments engineer whose low-key, gentle demeanor is utterly deceiving. He didn't attain his distinction as a runner by being cautious.

At the 28th running of the 28.2-mile Pikes Peak "marathon," on Aug. 21, Fletcher was putting his cap on a year notable for its bold determination. In the 50 weeks since he'd turned half a century old, Fletcher, who took up running in 1968 and completed his first marathon in 1977, had marked that sobering anniversary by running 50 marathons, just because, as he repeatedly told reporters, he loves to run. At Pikes Peak, on the 51st weekend, he was flouting everyone else's certainty that his aged body must have become a whimpering, quivering wreck, by dramatically concluding one of the world's most brutal footraces.

Fletcher's 51st year had started pleasantly, with a swift 2:54 at the Black Hills Marathon in South Dakota, a time that would be his fastest of the year and that earned him the first of 19 victories in his brand-new age group. He followed with a

3:52 in the heat in La Pointe, Wis., but recovered to run 3:10 and 3:06 in Marquette, Mich. and Chicago, respectively. He and Lou Ann, his cheerful wife, had left their Houston house on Aug. 29, 1982, a few days before Fletcher's 50th birthday, traveling in a Ford van they had customized themselves. Lou Ann cooked beans, rice and tortillas for what Fletcher fondly calls his Third World diet and bought bananas by the case. Robert eats three to five a day for the potassium, Lou Ann always carries a couple for him in her purse. Before he took up running and bananas, the 5'11" Fletcher weighed more than 200 pounds and, Lou Ann recalls, "ate 16-ounce steaks." He says, "I had a little life-style change." Now he weighs 155.

Except for a constant supply of running shoes from Nike, the Fletchers were on their own. They dipped into their savings, sticking to a budget of less than \$20,000 for the year. They visited motels and restaurants rarely; Pikes Peak was an exception. While dining out there, Fletcher ordered salmon with no sauce, potato with no butter, and salad with no dressing. Detecting the waitress' alarm at such austerity, he looked up at her with his wide blue eyes and said, "It's a heart condition."

In a way, that was true. It took a lot of heart to get through the late months of 1982. Fletcher claims that all this running has taught him how to sense the incline of even a pool table, and after the first month of his yearlong trek all roads began to seem uphill. Fletcher ran 3:10 in Detroit on Oct. 3 and then balkoned to 3:50 the next weekend in Columbus, Ohio. Although he was pampering his legs between races by taking two days off and running short (about five miles), easy workouts, it was still a strain to run a 3:13 in Buffalo, a 3:05 in Richmond, a 3:26 in Jackson, Tenn. and a 3:23 on Nov. 7 in Kansas City, Mo. After only 10 of the planned 50 races, he seemed to be tiring.

Each week Lou Ann asked, "Do you want to go on?" and each week she got a "yes." But on Nov. 21 in Birmingham, Ala. after he'd run a dismal 3:27, she recalls, "I got about a 'maybe.'"

"Birmingham was the low point," Fletcher says. After that grueling and entirely unsatisfactory race, there was quiet talk of carrying through until Jan. 16 for the Houston-Tenneco Marathon—in which he had run his personal record of 2:46:47 in 1981—and then gracefully re-

tiring. Maybe a marathon a week was too much work for an aging body.

Thanksgiving changed all that. Marathon demand intervening rest, an axiom that Fletcher was bending at what appeared to be great cost. But now he shattered the rule completely. On Thanksgiving, just four days after the Birmingham race, he ran in the Atlanta Marathon. Surprisingly, he did a 3:14, good for fourth in his age group, and felt stronger than he had in weeks. Could it possibly have been that instead of wearing out his legs, he'd been giving them too much rest? That night he and Lou Ann went in search of a turkey feast but had to settle for Chicken McNuggets. Even that didn't dampen his resolve. During dinner he decided to begin training hard between races.

The week before Pikes Peak was typical of the regimen he maintained after Atlanta: On the previous Sunday he'd run 3:03 in his 50th marathon at Fort Davis, Texas. (Not counting Pikes Peak, his average for 50 marathons was 3:08.) On Monday he'd done an 11-mile workout. On Tuesday he'd run 12 miles. On Wednesday he'd gone five easy miles in the morning and that afternoon, while passing through Odessa, Texas, had stopped at a track and run eight hard 440-yard sprints in '95' heat. On Thursday he'd done a gentle five, the last training before the Sunday race.

Fletcher's plan had worked. He'd been strong since Atlanta: in Dallas, Tulsa, Arroyo Grande, Calif., Gulfport, Miss. In Houston on Jan. 16 he ran a 2:56, and there was no thought of quitting. He did another 2:56 in Tucson. Then there was a three-hour flat clocking in Orange, Calif., a 2:56 in Las Vegas, a 3:04 in Palm Springs and a 3:02 in Phoenix. From Jan. 1 to Aug. 6, when he ran 3:31 at the tough Crater Lake Rim Marathon in Oregon, he finished in less than 3:10 in 27 out of 32 races. He ran the Boston Marathon, for which he has qualified the past six years, in an admirable 2:55.

Four hours and 12 minutes into the Pikes Peak race, about three miles down from the summit, Fletcher fell again. Meanwhile, the race's winner (3:39:50), 29-year-old Creighton King of Alta, Utah, was already telling spectators below that the secret of running downhill is not to let your feet spend much time on the ground. Fletcher was too heavy-footed. A protruding rock got him. He plunged forward onto the gravel of the

continued



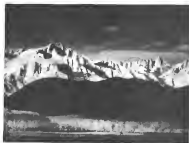
Step ahead of your time to Stereo-to-Go with Auto Reverse. It flips over the tape. You'll flip over the sound.

Small size. Big sound. Lightweight headphones. And it automatically plays both sides of the tape. The RQ-AR1 personal stereo cassette player. **Panasonic.** Tape and AA batteries not included. just slightly ahead of our time.

A year of grandeur...

The first Ansel Adams calendar ever published, this 15½" x 12½" wall calendar from New York Graphic Society Books features thirteen of his most popular and best-loved images of Yosemite, the Sierra Nevada, and the West. They include *Winter Sunrise* (shown below), *Cypress and Fog*, *Clearing Winter Storm*, and *Tenaya Lake*. Printed in the finest quality duotone on heavy coated stock, the reproductions are amazingly faithful to the original photographs—at a price everyone can afford. This is a superb gift, not only to enjoy throughout 1984, but to treasure permanently. \$9.95, at bookstores now.

ANSEL ADAMS



Calendar 1984

NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY BOOKS/LITTLE BROWN



HURRY. IF YOU WANT THE GOLD MEDAL.

You may not know that Valvoline® won a Gold Medal for lubricating excellence. But we did. And now we're celebrating it with a sale. So if you act fast, you can get Gold Medal excellence at money-saving prices during our special event, the Valvoline Gold Medal Sale.

Look for the Gold Medal symbol and savings now at participating retailers. But hurry. The supply is limited. And you don't want to be left holding the bag—instead of the oil.



VALVOLINE
GOLD MEDAL
SALE

VALVOLINE®

Valvoline Oil Company, Lexington, KY
Division of Ashland Oil, Inc.

12-1QT.
VALVOLINE® All-Climate
VALVOLINE® All-Climate

trail and came up with a bloody left elbow.

But there was no stopping Fletcher now. "That was a good one," he said mildly as he clambered to his feet. The miles rolled by, pine forest replacing the scrub fir and the thin air becoming rich and warm. He spoke little. Perhaps he was weary. Or maybe he was just remembering: running in snow in Ontario; doing hill workouts at the only upslope in Houston, the ramp of the 10-story parking garage of the Marriott Hotel; wearing his rain jacket—a plastic garbage bag—for all but the last 385 yards of a race aptly named the Mud Anthony Wayne Marathon, in Wayne, N.J.; running the Houston-Tenneco race on what felt like a terrible blister and then finding out at the finish that the "blister" was three safety pins he had put in his shoe a week earlier for safekeeping; driving 2,750 miles in one week from the Paul Bunyan Marathon in Bangor, Maine to the Deseret News Marathon in Salt Lake City; fighting off colds at the Kansas City and Galveston, Texas races, and the flu at Rock Island, Ill., where he nonetheless ran a 3:04; leading the other 10 runners in the Rock Valley (Iowa) marathon, which he'd persuaded the race director not to cancel because it was the only marathon in the country that week, only to be passed at 24 miles, and beaten by a minute, and groggily helping coach his middle daughter, Julie, 26, through her L-maze breathing the night after the Galveston Marathon while another daughter raced to the airport for Julie's husband while his first grandchild (a boy) was being born.

Fletcher wasn't out to set records with his year's odyssey. Jay Helgeson of Berkeley, Calif. had run 52 marathons in as many weeks in 1979, and a fanatical runner, Don Nierling, who later changed his name to Don Marathon, had run up an even longer skein—57 races in 47 weeks. "I'm not obsessed," Fletcher said once when shown a newspaper story about him that had maintained just that. But he's obstinate. "He's always had a determination to him," Lou Ann says. "When he took up sailing he built a sailboat. When he decided it was time that we should have children, we had three girls in 33 months. He will be running when he is 90 years old."

It sometimes took more determination for Fletcher to find and reach a scheduled marathon than to run it. Once, when

continued

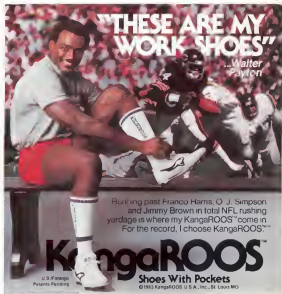


Step ahead of your time to Stereo-Go with separate speakers. Fill the room inside your head or fill the whole room.

Your headphones fill you with music. Or add the stereo speakers and rock your friends. The RX-1960 personal AM/FM stereo cassette recorder.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

AC adapter included.
Tape and AA batteries not included.



"THESE ARE MY WORK SHOES"
...Walter Payton

Running past Franco Harris, O. J. Simpson and Jimmy Brown in total NFL rushing yardage is where my KangaROOS™ come in. For the record, I choose KangaROOS™.

KangaROOS™
Shoes With Pockets

U.S./Foreign Patents Pending
©1983 KangaROOS U.S.A., Inc., St. Louis MO

Lord of the Canadians

Enjoy the smoothest Canadian ever. The one that lords it over all others when it comes to taste. The Canadian that's proud to call itself Lord of the Canadians. Set your course for Lord Calvert. Lord of the Canadians.



IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY - 40 BLENDED - 50 PROOF - CALVERT DIST. CO. - N.Y.C.

Lou Ann wanted to spend a week with their daughters. Fletcher and Nierling traveled halfway across the country in Nierling's 1969 Cadillac hearse to the weekend's only race. The two men alternated driving and sleeping in the back, but in the interest of economy, Nierling refused to drive the hearse faster than 50 miles an hour. Actually matters proceeded at a slower pace than that because Nierling's speedometer was a bit optimistic in its readings. "Can you imagine," Fletcher had said, "driving all the way from Oklahoma to California and back and never passing anything?"

That's not how Fletcher drives—or runs. On a brief uphill in the plummeting Pikes Peak downhill, about five miles from home, Fletcher slowed to a walk. "It's tough," he said abruptly. It was so unusual for him to complain that the journalist at his heels looked at him with concern. "Do you hurt anywhere?" the reporter asked.

"No," Fletcher said, his lower lip a hard line of resolve. "Just fatigue." The air was hot now, and grasshoppers clattered among flowers off the trail. In dappled sunshine the trail glittered with foot's gold. Fletcher walked a few more paces and then caught sight of another racer ahead. That racer was also walking. Fletcher broke into a jog, then a run. He passed the racer. He didn't slow again.

He came down the last switchbacks, running hard, passing younger men. He was running toward a line time—5:17:52, good for 153rd out of 569 finishers and third in his age group. Below waited his horde—Lou Ann, the daughters with their husbands, and his mother and mother-in-law, all wearing BOB FLETCHER T shirts. Upon his finishing, they would pour champagne over his head to his great dismay and then, more to his liking, present him with a can of Lone Star beer preserved in a plastic bag full of ice. His 51st birthday would be in 11 days, by which time he'd be home, resting and beginning a book about the year. *Spaghetti Every Friday.*

What's next? A masters meet was coming up, he had said before the Pikes Peak Marathon, and he might train for that. Perhaps there was an event on the track that would inspire Fletcher? The hard grind of the 10,000 meters? The tough mental shifts of the steeplechase?

"Maybe the 100-yard dash," he said briskly. "I've always thought I had more speed than endurance."

END



Step ahead of your time to Stereo-to-Go.
The world's smallest personal stereo
that records off its own radio.
Now with Auto Reverse.

Small in size, Big In features. Like Auto Reverse. Plays both sides of the tape automatically. And stereo microphones built right into the headphones. The RX-S70 AM/FM stereo cassette recorder.

Panasonic:
 just slightly ahead of our time.

Tape and AA batteries not included.



Ultra. Designed to tame a high-stress environment.

Ultra socks will treat your feet gently. Using the newest blend of polypropylene and wool for ultra-warmth, ultra-softness and ultra-absorbency. Perspiration is drawn away from feet to keep 'em dry and comfortable—even after a long day locked in a high-rise boot. At all better ski retailers.

Wigwam Mills, Inc., Sheboygan, WI 53081. In Canada: Hanson-Mohawk, Inc., Prov. of Quebec.

If feet talked, they'd ask for Wigwams.

Wigwam

If any programmed camera beats the Pentax Super Program,[™] we'll buy it for you.



Frankly, the chances of finding a programmed camera that beats the new Pentax Super Program in the features test at the right are downright nil. We scrutinized and analyzed every programmed camera sold in the U.S.A. today. Not one measures up to all these advantages of the Super Program and the state of the art now.

No other brand of programmed camera gives you these six ways to shoot: Programmed, aperture priority, shutter priority, metered manual, programmed auto flash and TTL auto flash. You can take the easiest approach to the perfect picture. Or, the most creative.

No programmed camera in the world delivers more information to the viewfinder. Your eye stays on the shot while the LCD digital display keeps you informed and in control.

The Pentax Super Program's 1/2000th shutter speed is twice as fast as most other programmed cameras.* (Combined with the world's fastest color print film, new Kodacolor VR1000 film, you can stop faster action than



you can with most other programmed cameras. And in lower light.) The flash sync is faster, at 1/125th. The hand-held programmed exposure range is wider. The advantages of this state of the art programmed camera go on. And beyond any other brand of programmed camera on the market.

But if you can find a camera that meets all and exceeds one or more features of the Pentax Super Program listed below, don't be shy. Let us know. We'll send you the retail price of that camera.

Which you may well spend on the new Pentax Super Program after all.

Compare other programmed cameras with the new Pentax Super Program here.

	Pentax Super Program	Programmed Camera Brand Model	Programmed Camera Brand Model	Programmed Camera Brand Model	Programmed Camera Brand Model
Exposure Modes Programmed	✓✓				
Aperture Priority	✓✓				
Shutter Priority	✓✓				
Metered Manual	✓✓				
Programmed Auto Flash	✓✓				
TTL Auto Flash	✓✓				
Coupled Metering, Manual Mode	✓				
Viewfinder Data (All modes combined)	23 Items				
Battery-Saving LCD Viewfinder Readout	✓				
Aperture & Shutter Display, Programmed Mode	✓				
4X, 2X, 1/2X, 1/4X Exposure Compensation	✓				
Exposure Compensation in Viewfinder	✓				
Light for Viewfinder Display	✓				
LCD External Readout	✓				
Depth of Field Preview	✓				
Metal Shutter	✓				
1/2000th Second Shutter Speed	✓				
Pushbutton Shutter Control	✓				
Shutter Cocked Indicator	✓				
Magic Needle Film Loading	✓				
Automatic Fast Shutter when Loading	✓				
Film Motion Indicator	✓				
1/125th Second Flash Sync Speed	✓				
Flash Distance, Program Mode (ASA/100 Film)	23-3 ft				
Aperture Display in View- finder, Pgm. Flash Mode	✓				
Audible and Visual Flash Confirmation	✓				

Complete this chart with the features of any other brand of programmed camera sold at retail in the U.S.A. as of May 1, 1983. If you can find a camera that meets all and exceeds one or more features of the Pentax Super Program listed here, we'll buy it for you. (One camera per customer.) Offer expires

**OFFER EXTENDED
TO NOV. 30, 1983**

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

An exclusive U.S.A. two year limited warranty/ product registration covers the Pentax Super Program Body. Warranties apply only to products originally distributed in the United States by Pentax Corporation, 35 Inverness Drive East, Englewood, Colorado.

PENTAX

SUPER PROGRAM

The state of the art now.

FORD BRONCO II

LET IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS...



MOST POWERFUL V-6 ENGINE. More horsepower and torque than Chevy S-10 Blazer!

PERFECT SIZE FOR 4-WHEELING. Trim Bronco II turns in less space than S-10 Blazer or Jeep CJ. Seats 4 in comfort.

LET THE SUN SHINE IN with the new flip-out removable rear quarter



windows and sun and options. It's a brand-new kick!

FLIP TO 4-WHEEL DRIVE from the driver's seat with auto-lock hub option. Proven manual locking hubs standard.

Quality is Job 1.

Ford's commitment to quality results in the best-built American trucks, based on a survey of owner reported problems during the first three

months of ownership of 1983 trucks. And the commitment continues in 1984.

Bronco II



**BEST-BUILT
AMERICAN TRUCKS**



Get it together. Buckle up.

EDITED BY JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

DOING ZIP AT OKLAHOMA

It turns out that before taking a powder altogether last week, Oklahoma Running Back Marcus Dupree had done "Zip, nothing" in the classroom this year, as the Sooners' academic adviser put it (page 50). Dupree had, in fact, skipped virtually all of his classes. However, it was only after he failed to show up for football practice that Coach Barry Switzer saw fit to suspend him from the team. Switzer, of course, is more responsible for what happens on the gridiron than in the classroom, but it seems to us that if the University of Oklahoma had its priorities straight, Switzer would have already suspended this student-athlete for having done zip in his classes.

STYLE, SUBSTANCE AND CHANGE

President Reagan's selection of National Security Adviser William P. Clark to be Secretary of the Interior is as worrisome as it is surprising. Clark has no obvious qualifications for the position, and his record during the eight years he served on the California Supreme Court, to which he was appointed by Reagan in 1973 when the latter was that state's governor, had a strong anti-environmental tinge. A number of cases involving environmental issues came before the court during that period, and in virtually every one of them Clark took a position in favor of development and against environmental controls; in most of those cases, he dissented from the majority.

Considering Clark's lack of credentials to head Interior, will he be any improvement over James Watt, who was forced out of the job? In his Oct. 9 resignation letter to the President, Watt said he was leaving behind the "people and programs" that would carry on his policies. He may well be right. When William Ruckelshaus succeeded Anne Burford as head of the Environmental Protection Agency last May, he inherited an agency whose hierarchy had been all but wiped out by firings and resignations. Ruckelshaus also faced—and still faces—a lot of tough decisions in such areas as acid rain and toxic substances. Assuming that Clark's nomination as Interior Secretary is confirmed, he will have few new issues to deal with right away. The Interior De-

partment's budget has passed Congress, and Watt's coal-leasing program, a subject of recent controversy, is now on hold until next spring. Because of his own lack of expertise, Clark will be tempted to rely heavily on the loyal Watt aides who remain on the job. Clark could thus differ from Watt less in substance than in style; generally considered to be a more conciliatory figure than Watt, he's likely to try to avoid the controversies and confrontations that marred his predecessor's stay in office.

None of this is to downplay the importance of style, though. If Clark were to do no more than sit down with environmentalists now and then, it would be a welcome departure from Watt's approach, which was to bait them at every turn. And since hope springs eternal, it's possible to wish for changes that go beyond the merely symbolic. Despite his lack of specific qualifications for the Interior job, Clark is a confidant of the President and one of Washington's most powerful figures, and he ought to be able to read the political realities of the office. One of those realities is that a majority of Americans found Watt's anti-environmental policies wholly objectionable. As Interior Secretary, Clark would be doing himself, the President and the country a favor by reversing those policies.

FOOTBALL BABIES

Exactly nine months after both Pearl Harbor and the outbreak of the Korean War, the national birthrate increased dramatically. Nine months after the New York City blackout of 1965, there was a great upsurge of births in that metropolis. Could there have been a similar increase in births associated with last year's NFL strike, also a stressful time in American life? Officials at Tucson Medical Center, that city's biggest maternity hospital, think so. The NFL strike lasted from Sept. 20 to Nov. 16, and the number of births at the Tucson facility nine months later—covering the period from June 20 to Aug. 16—was at least 200 greater than the total over the same span in 1982, itself a record year for births at the hospital. Tucson obstetricians are referring to the infants born during those eight weeks as "football babies."

But Tucson appears to be an anomaly. A random check of obstetrical records for the June 20 to Aug. 16 period in 1983 shows no significant increase in births over the same dates a year earlier at hospitals in Seattle, Portland and New Orleans, and a decline in both Atlanta and Butte, Mont. Although the birthrate was up at Hennepin County Medical Center in Minneapolis, it was down across the river at St. Paul Ramsey Medical Center. It was also lower at Miami Valley Hospital in Dayton. Flatly rejecting the suggestion of the Tucson doctors that the absence of NFL football may have heightened mating instincts, a spokesman at



Miami Valley suggested that, on the contrary, people may have been too "frustrated" by the strike to be much interested in fertility rites.

A SPREADING CLASS SYSTEM

The trend in high school basketball over the years has been toward the alignment of state tournaments into classes according to student-body size. The latest state to organize its tournament into classes is Alaska, which this season will crown champions for the first time in Classes 4A (401 students and more), 3A (101-400) and 2A and 1A (smaller schools, to be divided on the basis of both size and geography). Now that the least populous state has adopted classes, the only states

continued

that still hold class-free tournaments are those two neighboring basketball hotbeds, Indiana and Kentucky.

A class system in high school tournaments makes for more equitable competition and results in more schools winning state titles. But it also eliminates the sort of stirring drama that occurred in Illinois in 1952, when little Hebron, with an enrollment of just 99 students, captured the imagination of the whole state by beating Quincy, which had more than 1,000 students, for the state title. Alas, Illinois realigned its tournament into two classes in 1972. In Indiana, however, hoops fans can still hope for a repetition of the 1982 tournament in which Plymouth, with an enrollment of 877, scored a 75-74 double overtime upset of Gary Roosevelt High which had a student body nearly three times larger.

Let's hear it, all you Hoover and Wildcat fans: Go David, beat Goliath.

OLYMPIC TRUCES, THEN AND NOW

By far the most important of the games took place every four years at Olympia, a shrine of Zeus in the western Peloponnese, beginning, according to legend, in 776 B.C. . . . Participants came from all over the Greek world, including the colonies; to enable them to travel safely, the warring city-states observed a truce long enough to cover the time required to journey to and from the festival. . . .

—A History of Civilization, Vol. I (Prentice-Hall, 1968)

LOS ANGELES—Some rival street gangs are sitting down to plan a "cease-fire" for next year's Olympics, scheduled from July 28 to Aug. 12, so they can cross territorial boundaries and prey on the thousands of tourists expected, *Lies!* Chuck Bradley of the sheriff's street-gang detail said in an interview published yesterday. . . .

—Associated Press story, Oct. 14, 1983

THE GREAT GAME FILM CAPER

In the days before the two teams played to a 14-14 tie on Sept. 24, Bob Cortese, the football coach at Mesa College in Grand Junction, Colo., told reporters that Southern Colorado had the "best team speed" in the Rocky Mountain Athletic Conference. But how could he know for sure? As a courtesy, the two schools

had exchanged game films before their showdown, and Cortese was shocked to discover that the footage Southern Colorado sent him had been doctored. "It wasn't unviewable but you couldn't get a lot out of it," Cortese said later. "You couldn't see the formations and coverages. And the string got in the way of a

bootleg play and you couldn't see who they were throwing to."

The string? After the game, word of the tampering reached Southern Colorado Athletic Director Robert Mullen, who ordered an investigation. He learned that his school's coach, Mike Friedman, and an assistant, John Boswell, had intentionally reshot a film of their team's action and placed a number of objects, including string, pieces of carpet and strips of celluloid, in front of the camera. Friedman admitted doctored the film to "harrass" Cortese, but tried to make light of the whole thing. "I've gotten worse game films," he said. Southern Colorado higher-ups took the matter more seriously. At the request of school officials, Friedman and Boswell submitted their resignations, effective at the end of the season.

PENN STATE'S CHARMED FIELD

This is a plan of the football field at Penn State's Beaver Stadium. You may notice that a strange cavity has been gouged out of one end zone and that there's an equally curious protuberance along the left sideline. An explanation for the disfigurements, which first appeared in a rendering of the Nittany Lions' field that mysteriously materialized last week on the blackboard of an assistant coach at archival Psi, is provided below.



1.—The spot at Nebraska's three-yard line where Penn State's Mike McCloskey caught a 15-yard pass from Todd Blackledge on Sept. 25, 1982 to set up the decisive touchdown as a 27-24 win over arch-rival Nebraska. A TV replay shows that McCloskey was out of bounds when he caught the ball.

2.—The spot at the Penn State end zone where Alabama's Preston Gettard caught a pass from Walter Lewis in the winning seconds on Oct. 8, 1983 that officials disallowed on the belief that Gettard was out of bounds, preserving a 14-13 Penn State victory over arch-rival Florida. TV replays seemed to show that Gettard had gotten into bounds just as the touchdown should have counted.

THE TEAM THAT WASN'T THERE

Northwestern's 35-0 loss to Michigan on Saturday marked the third time the Wildcats have been shut out this season, and it left their record at 1-5. In those six games, Northwestern has scored 31 points and given up 173. But Coach Dennis Green's team may have suffered its greatest indignity when ABC-TV's college football halftime show inadvertently omitted the school's name in giving Saturday's results. The message on the screen read simply:

MICHIGAN 35

THEY SAID IT

- Dan Dierdorf, St. Louis Cardinals offensive lineman, announcing that he intends to retire at the end of this season: "Ninety-five percent of me is very sad that I'm retiring. But my knees are very, very happy."
- Chico Resch, New Jersey Devils goalie, asked where his hometown of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan is located: "Four feet away from the moose's butt."
- Billy Casper, discussing the senior golf circuit on which he now plays: "Like a lot of fellows around here, I have a furniture problem. My chest has fallen into my drawers."
- Chuck Doyle, Holly Cross fullback, asked what he ran the 40 in: "Shorts."
- Pete Rose, shrugging off his subpar performance this season: "All I know is that I've won every award there is to win in this game except comeback player of the year—which I'll get next year." **END**

FUJI FILM ANNOUNCES AN OFFER OF OLYMPIC PROPORTIONS.



**BUY TWO ROLLS OF FUJI FILM AND GET \$1 BACK.*
PLUS, GET A CHANCE TO WIN A TRIP TO THE 1984 OLYMPICS OR OVER
1000 OTHER GREAT PRIZES IN THE FUJI OLYMPICS SWEEPSTAKES!**



GOLD PRIZE. A 1984 Century Olympia Sedan by Buick, the official automobile of the 1984 Olympic Games—plus two expense-paid trips to the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics.

5 SILVER PRIZES. Expense-paid trips for two to the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics via United, the official airline of the 1984 Olympics.



20 BRONZE PRIZES. Beta Format Video Cassette Recorders—full featured and programmable with remote pause control—from Sanyo, the official video products of the 1984 Olympics.

1000 RUNNER-UP PRIZES. Official Los Angeles 1984 Olympic Three Pin Set.



The Official Film and Photographic Paper of The Los Angeles 1984 Olympics.



HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR \$1 FUJI REFUND

Send two proofs of purchase (stars in motion symbol or both end flaps from any 2 Fuji Film cartons—English language pack only) with refund coupon to: FUJI REFUND OFFER, P.O. BOX 573, YOUNG AMERICA, MN 55399. If you wish to enter the Fuji Olympics Sweepstakes, simply fill out the entry form available at stores where Fuji Film is sold. Only two (2) refunds to a family, group or organization. REQUEST MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY THIS OFFICIAL REFUND CERTIFICATE. Cash value 1/20th of 1¢. Requests made on reproductions or other forms will not be honored. Void where prohibited by law. Offer expires January 31, 1984. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

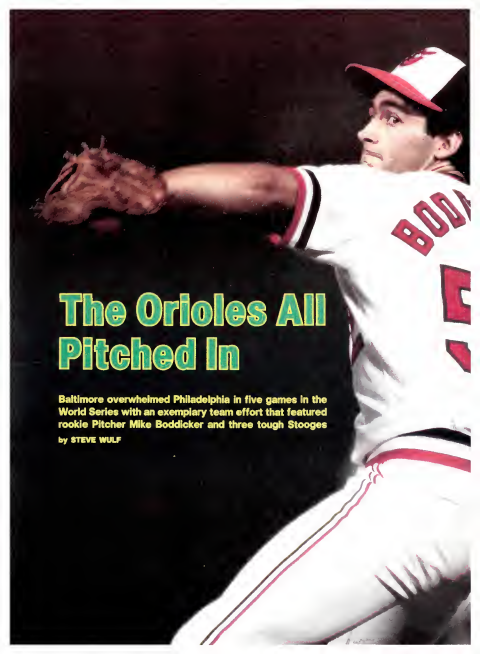
Enclosed are two proofs of purchase (stars-in motion symbol or both end flaps from any 2 Fuji Film cartons—English language pack only). Check one:

- Please mail my \$1 refund check to me
- Please donate my \$1 refund to the 1984 U.S. Olympic Team

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



The Orioles All Pitched In

Baltimore overwhelmed Philadelphia in five games in the World Series with an exemplary team effort that featured rookie Pitcher Mike Boddicker and three tough Stooges

by STEVE WULF

They saved the best for last. The Baltimore Orioles—that's oh, are, eye, oh, you know—beat the Philadelphia Phillies 5-0 Sunday to win the 80th World Series in an efficient five games. In the process, they made a good team look bad, and they hushed the largest baseball crowd (67,064) in the 13-year history of Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium. The Orioles looked a little lonely celebrating on enemy artificial turf, but late that night they went home to all the pomp and spelling bees they could ever want.

First Baseman Eddie Murray hit two tremendous home runs, Catcher Rick Dempsey, the Series MVP, had a double and a homer, and Scott

continued

McGregor pitched a five-hitter, yet their individual accomplishments seemed absorbed by the entire team. There have been world champions with more talent, but there has probably never been a team as selfless as these Orioles.

"Just knowing that you're part of the best team in baseball," said Murray. "well, it's a nice little feeling."

It was the beginning of a nice little autumn evening for the Orioles when, in the second inning Sunday, Charles Hudson of the Phillies threw Murray a nice little 2-2 fastball. Murray sent a nice big blast into the seats in rightfield. "All I thought was one to nothing," said Murray. "I also thought I took the crowd out of the game."

The Philadelphia crowd had been getting on Murray in the previous two games, densely chanting, "Eddie, Eddie," every time he made an out, which was often. Murray was also hounded by people wanting to know why he wasn't hitting, and to escape the crush he decided to skip batting practice Saturday and Sunday. Even the Orioles were worried



McGregor's five-hit shutout won Game 5.





about Murray, though they were up three games to one. Rightfielder Dan Ford noticed he wasn't throwing sunflower seeds to teammates, as is his usual custom, and Ken Singleton, the team's unemployed DH, said Saturday, "Maybe he'll be Eddie Murray tomorrow."

So when Murray homered in the second inning, the game, and thus the Series, was all but over. "As the sleeping giant awoke," said Leftfielder John Lowenstein, "we began to realize that it was going to be very difficult to beat us."

After Murray's home run, Hudson started pitching defensively, and in the third Dempsey hit a 1-0 pitch just over the 371-foot mark in left.

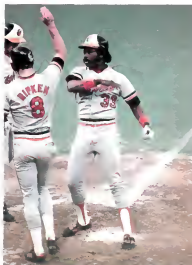
The 10th homer of the Series, but the first with a man on, came in the fourth. With Shortstop Cal Ripken aboard via a walk, Hudson threw a nice little off-speed pitch to Murray, and Murray banged it off the scoreboard in deep right center almost at the spot where it had MURRAY 111 listed under the American League RBI leaders. "Now I'm thinking it's four to nothing, and wuh Scooty on the mound we've got this game won," said Murray. "It's funny how you can become a hero in a day."

Murray's hard-hitting counterpart on the Phillies, Third Baseman Mike Schmidt, never got started. He was 1 for 20 with six strikeouts in the Series as the Orioles pitchers kept teasing him with high fastballs, and, with every out, the bees got louder and longer.

McGregor's shutout dropped Baltimore's Series ERA to 1.66, as low as any in a five-game classic since Yankee pitchers had a 1.40 ERA in 1943. McGregor was in such command he threw only one curve to Second Baseman Joe Morgan in the third. The other pitches were fastballs and changeups.

In the postgame madness, the Orioles washed down with 240 bottles of Great Western Extra Dry. Murray and Ripken espied each other over the heads of the mob and shared their special handshake. Al Holland, the Phillies' reliever, sought out Murray, shook his hand conventionally and said, "Bout time you came out of that slump."

Matthews had no hope of pulling down Dempsey's third-inning homer in Game 5.



Murray ended his slump with two home runs.

This was the Amtrak Series, originating in Baltimore, destination Philadelphia, making station stops in Coopers-town, Platoon, Hurlersburg, Redemption, Morgantown, Holland, Norway, Foshville, Tater City, Stoogeborg, Dizzle and Piddle. Please watch your step while boarding.

The National League champion Phillies and the American League champion Orioles were as different as, say, cheese-steaks and crab cakes, but they did have a couple of things in common. One was a firm belief in two-platoon baseball. The other was good pitching, and as everyone knows, good pitching beats good pitching.

The Phillies, the road show for the Hall of Fame, had the lowest overall batting average for a Series team since the 1974 A's, the Wheeze Keds who had four players 40 or over, and no Series team has ever had more than two of those. As for the Orioles, they were clear favorites, even though they couldn't use Singleton in his accustomed DH role in this odd-numbered year.

This was also the coziest Series, geographically, since the New York Yankees and Brooklyn Dodgers played in 1956. Game 1 on Tuesday was as close as the

continued

contending cities, the Phillies winning 2-1. Actually, the Giants won; the game's three home runs were hit by ex-members of the San Francisco team, and former Giant "Mr. T." Holland dispatched the heart of the Baltimore lineup—put the fools—to save the victory.

It was a rainy night in Baltimore, and the 52,204 fans, many dressed in yellow and orange slickers, looked like so many autumn leaves. Adding to the foliage was President Reagan, wearing a bright red turtleneck under a tweed sports coat. The President arrived at the end of the first inning and left after the seventh, and his visit marked the 12th time a Chief Executive had been to a World Series. The Republicans hold an 8-4 edge over the Democrats.

Another special guest was singer John Denver, whose rendition of *Thank God I'm a Country Boy* is played during every seventh-inning stretch at Memorial Stadium. Denver, who went to Fort McHenry that day for inspiration, sang the national anthem, and later, in the seventh, he did his own song live.

At 8:17 p.m., Wild Bill Hagy conducted his first spelling bee, and he was followed by a two-minute fireworks display.



Denver roars as Baltimore's most popular singer.

Hardly had the smoke cleared when Jim Dwyer hit a 3-and-2 fastball from John Denny over the rightfield fence.

McGregor had the Phillies guessing wrong through the first five innings as he faced only one more than the minimum number of batters. But with two out in the sixth and behind in the count 1 and 2, Morgan guessed curveball, got it and sent

it into the Phillies' bullpen in right to tie the score. Morgan, 40, thus became the second-oldest man to hit a Series homer—Enos Slaughter was a few months older when he hit one for the Yankees in 1956. "I used to be too short," said Morgan. "Now I'm too old."

After the Orioles hit in the seventh, McGregor was all set to pitch when a crewman for ABC waved him off. "There is a certain flow to the game," said McGregor. "I told that guy never to do that to me again. He already had five minutes. I said, 'Sell your Datsuns some other way.'" Actually, ABC was holding up the game because Howard Cosell was interviewing Reagan.

McGregor's first pitch after the delay was a fastball, and Garry Maddox sent it sailing through the wind into the leftfield seats. "I'm not going to make an excuse," said McGregor. "I threw the pitch I wanted to throw." However, the scouting reports should have told him that Maddox always looks for a fastball on the first pitch. It was only his fifth homer of the year and first game-winning RBI.

Denny left the game after Al Bumbry doubled with two out in the eighth, and

He Was Moe Than Philly Could Handle

Rick Dempsey, awash with celebratory champagne in the Oriole clubhouse, was talking on the phone to the President of the United States. After a few proper "yes sirs," the World Series' Most Valuable Player succumbed to his own unquenchable exuberance. "Mr. President," he shouted, "you go tell the Russians we're having an awful good time over here playing baseball."

Certainly Dempsey was. He made his mark at the very outset of the Series. In the first inning of the first game Joe Morgan, who had reached base on an error, tried to advance to second on a hit-and-run play. When Pete Rose swung and missed, Dempsey bounded out in front of the plate like a watchdog and threw Morgan out by three yards and a cloud of dust. In the third game he cut down Morgan a second time, which is as often as Joe was thrown out in 20 steal attempts during the regular season. And on the one occasion Morgan did steal, in the second game, Dempsey pounced on Rose's subsequent bunt so alertly that Joe did not dare try for third.

Defensive play of this nature is expected of the 34-year-old Dempsey, who has arrested nearly 43% of all would-be base thieves in his eight seasons with the Orioles. He's also acknowledged as a master handler of pitchers and a whiz at calling pitches. He's the team's cheerleader and, as the son of old vaudevillians, its resident clown. Indeed, his raudy delay pantomimes of opposing batters, performed on makeshift tarpaulin stages, are surefire box office. What he had not been known as is a hitter. Dempsey's frequent lament is "I've never been hot at the plate."

Dempsey is the Moe of the "Three Stooges" at the end of the batting order, joining Rich Dauer (Larry) and Todd Cruz (Curly). He had five hits in the Series, all for extra bases, and a .385 batting average, compared with his career mark of .240. The five long hits (a homer and four doubles) set a record for a five-game Series. The Phillies' "book" on Dempsey was either never written by the scouts or never read by the pitchers.

"I haven't swung the bat like that since



The Orioles' Three Stooges are "Moe"

Holland came on to get Ford to hit a fly ball to left. Holland throws almost nothing but fastballs, although he delivers three different kinds, depending on the way he grips the ball: rising, sinking and sailing. In the ninth he made Ripken pop up to short, struck out Murray and allowed Gary Roenicke to hit a deep fly ball to left that Gary Matthews caught for the last out of the game.

"I hope the President remembers my name," said Holland, whose exuberance has made him a popular man with the media. When told that the President had left before he came on, Holland said, "That's O.K. He's got his job to do, and I've got mine."

The pitching on both sides was so good that not one walk was issued—only the fifth time that has happened in a Series. Denny, the winner, said, "I've grown up a lot in the last year." He certainly has matured as a pitcher (19-6 with a 2.37 ERA during the season). It has also been interesting to see him grow as a person in the last few weeks. A born-again Christian, Denny invited his father, Dick, who is legally blind, to fly in from Australia to attend the Series. Denny and his father were es-



Maddox won Game 1 with an eighth-inning homer.

tranged when the pitcher was a youth. And there's more. Once very antagonistic toward journalists, he now gives freely of himself, citing chapter and verse. The epistle-packing Denny says he decided to talk because of Philippians 2:3-8. You can look it up, as Casey used to say.

Oriole fans looked as dreary as the weather as they filed out of Memorial

Stadium. It was the first time in six World Series that the O's had lost the first game. But at least they could take heart from a line in that infernal song of Denver's: "Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle."

The next night the Orioles' fans could have been singing. "Thank God for a country boy." As he had in the American League playoffs against Chicago, rookie Mike Boddicker, of Norway, Iowa (pop. 633), pulled Baltimore even with a wonderful pitching performance. Boddicker bedazzled the Phillies in the O's 4-1 victory, allowing only three hits, no walks and no earned runs while striking out six. He was just as unimpressive as he had been the week before when he beat the White Sox on a five-hit, 14-strikeout shutout. That victory also had followed an opening game loss.

"This was a masterpiece as far as I'm concerned," said Claude Osteen, the Phillies' pitching coach. "He's got three speeds for each pitch, and that's a total of 12 pitches. He reminds me of Stu Miller."

"I thought Stu Miller was running a liquor store on the Coast these days," said Phillie Coach Dave Bristol.

"Do you think that kid was a pitcher

continued



Dempsey, "Larry" Dearer and "Curly" Cruz.

spring training about three years ago," Dempsey quipped modestly. "I don't think anyone expected me to hit a home run today or in any World Series." As he readily acknowledges, he hasn't had much chance to hit in his career. He spent his early years as a backup with the Twins and Yankees, coming to Baltimore in 1976 with Scott McGregor and Tippy Martinez. As an Oriole he has suffered the relative ignominy of platoon and part-time playing under, first, Earl Weaver and now Joe Altobelli. Joe Nolan, the O's other catcher, played in 73 regular season games, but caught only five innings in the Series. "I only average about 2.2 (actually, 2.8) times at bat per game," Dempsey says, "and you don't build a batting average that way, especially if you're a late-inning hitter." Also, Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, with its short porches on the first lines, is not tailored to his talents. "I'm a gap hitter, and with the short lines outfielders tend to bunch up. The only way I can get a gap hit there is by hitting it over someone's head, and I don't do that often."

As a result, Dempsey has concentrated on his defense. "You've got to be a little crazy to play this damn game," he says, "and I play it

as physically as I can." "He's excited about playing," says McGregor, "and he's not afraid to chew us out." "He's terminally optimistic," says John Lowenstein, who finds Dempsey's "ear-splitting cries" a shattering intrusion on the normal tranquility of the Oriole dugout.

Dempsey's aggressiveness with his own pitchers frequently threw him into conflict with Weaver. "He never wanted me to say anything to the pitchers," says Dempsey. "But I'd feel they needed a push now and then. The trouble was, Earl wanted to be the one saying something, not me. We fought every step of the way. But we had the same game plan—winning."

Under the much more subdued Altobelli, Dempsey has had full freedom to counsel his pitchers and give vent to "ear-splitting cries." "Maybe," says Dempsey, "I'll do something a little crazy from time to time. But I'm no flake. I don't swallow goldfish or anything. I just like to have a little fun."

And as he stood drenched with the wine of victory in the turbulent Baltimore clubhouse, chirping high-pitched congratulations to every passerby, it was obvious he'd never had so much fun in all his life. —RON FINGERTE

tonight?" asked the Orioles' chief scout, Jim Russo. "Hell, no. That was Michelangelo with a baseball."

The Orioles had other people to thank in Game 2, most notably Brother Low, Lowenstein; the bottom of the batting order, which is now known as The Three Stooges; and Pat Santarone's ground crew, which kept the field playable despite 24 hours of drizzle.

But the night belonged to Boddicker, who, if he never does anything else, has at least put Norway on the map. It's 15 miles southwest of Cedar Rapids.

of the game right away, against the Phillies' three future Hall of Famers, Morgan, Pete Rose and Schmidt. "He threw a changeup to strike out Morgan," said Miller. "Rose had seen that, so when he went 3 and 2, he figured he'd get one. But Boddicker threw him a fastball and struck him out." Boddicker then got Schmidt to ground to shortstop.

The Phillies actually scored first, in the fourth, on a single by Morgan, a stolen base, a rare error by Murray and a sacrifice fly by Joe Lefebvre. Boddicker's rival rookie, Hudon, had a shutout going into

had four hits in 52 times up prior to the fifth inning. Dauer, 0 for 18, promptly singled to left. Cruz then laid down a bunt that crossed the Phillies up. Dempsey followed with a run-scoring double down the rightfield line. Then Boddicker, in only his third professional at bat, hit a sacrifice fly to left. After the game Boddicker played down his hitting ability, saying, "Everybody hits in high school," but, in fact, he was a third-team all-Big Ten third baseman at Iowa.

The Stooges got their name from Singleton, who said at the end of the season



In Game 2, Cruz scored Baltimore's third run on Boddicker's sacrifice fly to left.

Boddicker's game was the best by a rookie in a World Series since 1919, when Dickie Kerr pitched a three-hatter for the Black Sox. Boddicker threw more fastballs than he had against Chicago, 34 in all, 29 for strikes. He also threw 42 curves (28 for strikes), six sliders and 23 of what the Orioles call a "foshball." That stands for the hybrid between a forkball and a "fish," which is the term Osteen once coined for a changeup.

Oriole Pitching Coach Ray Miller, who calls Boddicker "a righthanded McGregor," says Boddicker set the tone

the fifth. But Lowenstein hit a 2-0 low inside fastball over the centerfield fence to tie the score. Lowenstein, who doubted his first time up, finished with three hits. He is the lefthanded side of the Orioles' leftfield platoon, and over the first two years he has had 39 homers and 126 RBIs in 633 at bats. He also can dry the field with his wit. "I have no desire whatsoever to play every day," he says. "That's too tiring."

Coming up after Lowenstein were the Stooges, Larry (Rich Dauer), Curly (Todd Cruz) and Moe (Dempsey), who had a combined batting average of .228 during the season, and in the postseason

that he was proud of his 85 RBIs, "especially with the Three Stooges batting behind me." Says Singleton, "At first they took offense, but now they're naming each other."

"I'm Moe because I'm the most intelligent," says Dempsey. "I'm Curly," says Cruz, "because he's my favorite guy. Whoohoo. I do the backstep good, too, so I told Joe [Manager Altobelli] that the next time he pinch-hits for me, I'm gonna do the backstep into the dugout."

During the game Boddicker asked if he could be Sheamp, the Stooge who replaced Curly, because of his RBI. But Singleton quickly nixed the suggestion,

saying, "You make too much contact."

There was a frightening note in the game when Phillie Reliever Willie Hernandez hit Ford's batting helmet with a pitch in the fifth. But Ford got up, and in the seventh he singled John Shelby to third to set up an RBI single for Ripken.

For two minutes after the game, the Oriole fans chanted "We want Mike, we want Mike," until Mike came out, wearing his Oriole jacket. He doffed his cap and nodded his head in thanks.

When the teams moved to Philadelphia on Friday, the Phillies scattered Hall



Holland and Morgan helped console Rose when his postseason starting streak ended.

With two out and nobody on base, Dempsey doubled, and Benny Ayala was sent up to pinch-hit for the immortal middle-inning reliever, Jim Palmer. With the count 3 and 1, Carlton threw an inside slider, and Ayala, looking for precisely that, creamed the ball to the immediate left of Schmidt to score Dempsey with the tying run.

That was all for Carlton, and it was also curtains for the Phillies. Holland was brought on, but he gave up a single to

Shelby, Ayala stopping at second, Ford then hit a hot grounder to Shortstop Ivan DeJesus, who became a seventh-inning wreck by failing to catch it, thus allowing Ayala to score with the winning run. The winning pitcher was, lo and behold, Palmer, who won his first World Series game in 1966. "It was my biggest thrill since Hagerstown," said Palmer, referring to his two-game start in Class A ball this year.

There was a horde of heroes in this

continued




of Fame plaques all over Veterans Stadium. The Orioles eked out a 3-2 win because merely mortal Bengie Ayala hit one immortal's slider past the outstretched glove of another immortal.

There was more to the game than that, but the moment to remember came in the top of the seventh with the Phillies leading 2-1 and Steve Carlton, the first 300-game winner to pitch in a World Series in 55 years—Reagan or Grover Cleveland Alexander was the last—on the mound.

In Game 3, Ayala put the Orioles ahead to stay by coming home on DeJesus' error.





Shelby had Matthews climbing the wall in Game 4, which let Dauer tag up and score.





Stewart allowed no runs in five innings.

WORLD SERIES continued

game, goats galore and some very curious managing, mostly on the part of Paul Owens of the Phillies. One of the curious things he did was bench the 47-year-old Rose in favor of 41-year-old Tony Perez. With crystalline logic, the Pope explained his movement toward youth by saying, "This will enable us to change our lineup."

Perez had hit Baltimore's starting pitcher, Mike Flanagan, well when he played for the Red Sox the previous three seasons, but the move hurt Rose, who had played every inning of his 59 previous postseason games. Rose uncharacteristically shunned reporters before the game, but he did tell the immortal Cosell that he was "hurt" and "embarrassed." Besides upsetting Rose, the change smacked of panic.

Solo homers seemed to be all the rage in this Series, and the Phillies jumped out to a 2-0 lead against Flanagan with bases-empty shots by Matthews in the second and Morgan in the third.

Carlton, meanwhile, faced only nine batters in the first three innings, and he got out of a bases-loaded, no-out jam in the fourth by getting the slumping Murray to pop out

Lenn Sakata came off the bench to turn a key double play in Game 4.

and Roencke to hit into a double play. Flanagan, who was having trouble pushing off what the Orioles claimed was an abnormally high mound, had to leave after four innings when Altobelli sent Singleton up to hit for him after Dempsey doubled with two outs. Altobelli, who failed to use Singleton in the first two games, seemed to be wasting him this time—he struck out. Palmer, the winningest active pitcher in the American League, came in to pitch against Carlton, the winningest active pitcher in baseball. As Altobelli so eloquently put it, "We had two guys out there who had 568 — wins. Is that a piece of — or what?"

In the top of the sixth, Ford put the Orioles on the scoreboard with, yes, a solo home run into the leftfield bullpen. Before the game, Ford had specifically asked the batting practice pitcher to throw inside to him to make sure he had recovered from Wednesday's beating. It was an inside pitch he hit off Carlton.

Palmer turned in two shutout innings, although he did get in trouble in the sixth after a fluke infield single and a walk. The next batter was Carlton, and Owens came out to visit him in the on-deck circle. "If you can give me another inning," the manager said, "I'm going to let you hit." According to Owens, Carlton said, "I'll let you make that decision. I'm



Marínez was a savior in Games 3 and 4.

all right." Palmer then struck him out.

Before he went out for the seventh, Carlton got a rubdown from Gus Hoefling to loosen his aching back. He got the first two Stogies, Dauer and Cruz, but Dempsey ("Cut it out, Moe") hit one into the gap in left center for his second double of the game. Enter Ayala, who said afterward, "I have a degree in pinch-hitting. I majored in it, and I plan to make a career out of it."

The ball that Ford hit to DeJesus was a tough chance. It skidded on a wet spot of the turf, hit the short-stop would make no excuses. "I'm supposed to catch those balls. We lost that game because I made that error."

It wasn't all his fault. In the bottom of the seventh, Palmer's successor, righthander Sammy Stewart, walked Morgan. Sixto Lezcano, batting in Rose's No. 2 spot, fouled off two bunt attempts and struck out. Schmidt was up next, and on Stewart's first pitch, Morgan took off Dempsey's throw nailed him rather easily. Morgan, running on his own, surprised Schmidt, who at first thought he had missed a hit-and-run sign. Schmidt then struck out.

In the eighth, Owens chose not to hit for Maddox against Stewart so as to keep the Orioles from bringing in Tippy Martinez. But in the ninth, he had Lefebvre hit for Catcher Bo Diaz, and when Martinez came in,

he had Rose hit for Lefebvre. Martinez got Rose to ground out, DeJesus to fly out and pinch hitter Ozzie Virgil to ground out to save the victory.

"I could have been second-guessed 150 times in that game," said Owens, and indeed he was. Palmer, who entertained the troops in the postgame interview room right after Owens, said, "I wanted to poke my head around the curtain and ask him some questions. They made some funny moves."

The loss clearly put the Phillies in a phunk. Morgan got mad at the questions that Perez, who was 1 for 4, was telling in the locker next to his. "We're trying to win a World Series, and you're talking about all this petty bull," Morgan screamed at reporters. After Owens took over in July, it had taken several weeks for his players to accept their new roles, and for the manager to learn how to use them. In one night, the Phillies forgot how they got here.

The Orioles weren't likely to forget. And after they'd beaten the Phillies 5-4 on Saturday, they remembered they had been here before. Actually, it was in

continued



Weaver: On The Ball, But Bland

An open letter to the Earl of Baltimore, given at the completion of his first World Series announcing assignment

Hi Earl,

I just saw you, Howard and Al Michaels on the Series. Remember last week when you said Howard feels you'll never be any good, but you hope to be at least half-good someday? Take heart! You'll never be Joe Garagiola or Tony Kubek, but you're improving. So tell Howard to cool it. The only things you have to fear are Jim Palmer and the superb Reggie Jackson, who almost stole the show whenever he appeared. They're much more articulate than you, Earl, and they soon may be after your job.

Your buddy Michaels was exceptional on the by-play. It seems almost sacrilegious to say, but he trumped NBC's exalted Vin Scully, who talked himself blue on the National League playoffs. The nod goes to Michaels and NBC's Bob Costas. As for Howard on the Series, he contributed little Orioles fan suffocating pressure. Want it or anything, the way he'd deal one of your observations—say about Ripken being out of his league at his age—and pass it off the rest of the week as his own? Do us a favor, Earl. Next time you see Boone Arledge, ask him to make Howard on the morning show—no one conducts more revealing interviews (but Cowell—and replace him on the game with Jackson or Palmer).

You made some good points, Earl. Remember how you told us that Morgan was

hanging tough against McGregror's curveball just before he hit the Game 1 homer? And how Flanagan often gets bumbled in the second inning while trying to get his curve established? Some people expected you to pull your punches and be ABC's excuse man for players who deserved some flak, but you fooled them, Earl. You're honest. You even disagreed with Albobella before he made some controversial moves.

Of course, you've got some problems. Don't take this personally, but you've come across this year as bland as Cream of Wheat. You're one of the best interviews in sports, forever unpredictable, always opinionated and contentious, a cocky baritone of a man. On the air, you turn into a choirboy. You agree with everything Howard says, although not necessarily everything Michaels says. Earl, you're too tight. Smile a little. You've got to consider yourself an equal partner in the booth, the way Reggie does when the broadcast turns into a quadrilogue. No need to be intimidated. So what if you've never checked *Moby Dick* out of the library? Has Howard ever called for the hat-and-run?

Another thing. This was supposed to be a Baltimore-Philadelphia World Series, but it might as well have been Baltimore vs. the Bolshoi Ballet for all the fireworks we heard about the Phillies. Howard was off playing Howard, talking authoritatively about outfield "dying agents" or which remarkable man he had dinner with the other night. Michaels was too busy serving as a traffic cop. Fairly or not, it fell mostly to you, Earl, to provide a balance of information. Your heart may still be black and orange, but the Orioles anxiously for every one about the Phillies.

You didn't ask for this, but here's a final box score on your first year. **Voice:** four points on a scale of 10 (you always sounded sincere as if you just ate a trifling of popcorn). **Revery:** seven (you started the game around a two, forever talking over live action). **Color:** three (did you ever host a white novel). **Attention:** 10 (would that everyone kept his mind on the game). **Two tips:** Don't feel compelled to talk just because it's "your turn." And please avoid announcing the obvious, such as, "There's a ground ball to Schmidt."

It's nice to hear you'll be back at ABC in '84, because you and the network are improving apace. Quality is contagious. The camera work this year was excellent for change. There were few screaming mob-show, *Players' Wives On Parade* was kept under control and the infield show from the stands on roof were revealing. Say hello to the other guys in the booth. See you next year.

—WILLIAM TRAPPE



In center, Shelby made it without shades.

Pittsburgh, not Philadelphia, and the year was 1979, not 1983. However, the situation was the same. The O's took a 3-1 lead in games, needing to win only one of the next three, two of them at home. But they didn't.

"That's the first thing the guys were saying as we ran up the runway after the game," said Dwyer, who had three RBIs in the win. "I think we realize now what we didn't then. We're not an awesome team, but we're blessed with some talent, and we're team-oriented."

One of the surprises in a Series of surprises had been that the Orioles could win without Murray or Ripken, who between them were batting .161 with exactly one RBI. It was the aforementioned Three Stooges, each of whom received a statue of his namesake from Columbia Pictures before Game 3, who had been killing the Phillies.

The game was played on what was surely the most beautiful day in World Series history. They don't keep track of such things, although filberts did know that this was the first time both teams had batteries starting with the letter D (Davis and Dempsey, Denny and Dazl) and that the crowd of 66,947 was the biggest for the Series since Game 3 in New York in 1964, and for one day at least the largest in Veterans Stadium baseball history.

They also knew that when Storm Da-

vis struck out the side in the first, it was the 18th time that had happened. "I think he was trying to impress us with his curveball," said Morgan. "I was impressed."

Denny was equally impressive at the outset, allowing only an infield single in the first three innings. His father had made the trip to attend one of his son's games for the first time since Little League. But symbolism fans had noticed that when Denny went to pick up a white balloon that had blown onto the field before the start of the first inning, it burst as soon as he touched it.

The Orioles struck first, in the fourth. They loaded the bases with none out on consecutive singles by Dwyer, Ripken and Murray, who got his first hit since his first at bat in the opening game. After Lowenstein struck out, Dwyer lashed a two-run single to the opposite field in right. "All year we've been trying to get him to go the other way, and today he finally did it," said an Oriole scout.

Rose, back in the lineup, singled with

one out in the bottom of the fourth, and got a stooping, if not a standing, ovation. Schmidt, mired even deeper than Murray, finally broke his 0 for 13 schneid in the bottom of the fourth with a broken-bat single. Then Lefebvre doubled down the line in right to score Rose, and Matthews walked. But the rally died when Greg Gross grounded into a double play. Dwyer, unassisted, to Murray.

The Phillies took a 3-2 lead in the fifth

continued



Schmidt's only base hit was a broken-bat single in Game 4



In Game 4, Dwyer dusted off the Phillies when he scored Baltimore's fifth and decisive run on Dwyer's seventh-inning single.

CAMEL

LIGHTS



Camel Lights
Low Tar Camel Taste

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

4 CYLINDERS AND A CLOUD OF DUST The all-new Daytona

Turbo Z uses four cylinders with remarkable effect. And remarkable efficiency. Its simple and rugged 2.2-liter block is electronically fuel-injected and turbo-charged—resulting in a heart-pumping 0-50 mph in 5.76 seconds.** Yet it also delivers these numbers: 35 est. hwy., [22] EPA est. mpg.** Daytona Turbo Z comes with a quick, close-ratio 5-speed. Tight, power-assisted, rack-and-pinion steering. Power brakes that'll bring a Daytona Turbo Z back from 50 to 0 in an astonishing 2.97 seconds.**

You get aerodynamic styling with ground-effects all around—including a front air dam and rear spoiler. You get a beefed-up anti-sway bar. And nitrogen-controlled shocks. A leather-wrapped steering wheel for serious cornering. And it all sits on 15" cast aluminum wheels and steel-belted Goodyear Eagle GT radials.

The driver gets an "enthusiast" chair with adjustable lumbar and thigh supports. You are given a full complement of gauges including tach, gauge alert system, and elapsed-time indicator. There's an integrated console, an electronically tuned radio, even a tonneau cover. And Dodge's standard 5/50 Protection Plan.* We set out to build an innovative, relentlessly "smart" sports car. A revolutionary car. And we think we've done the job rather well.

Your Dodge dealer will have a whole series of revolutionary new Daytonas for you to buy or lease* this fall. See one soon.

DAYTONA TURBO Z



**DODGE DAYTONA TURBO Z.
TURBOCHARGED, FUEL-INJECTED,
FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE,
FUEL-EFFICIENT AND BACKED BY
5/50 PROTECTION.**

**WE ARE
DODGE.**  **AN
AMERICAN
REVOLUTION.**



BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY

Handling tests performed by NHTSA on Dodge Daytona Z with standard engine and transmission. **Use EPA est. mpg for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and distance. Actual Hwy. mpg lower.

sears

Scotch. Every play's a winner.

A great team: Scotch BX cassettes and a Sears low price.

The Scotch BX cassettes offer dependable high quality recording at normal bias. Excellent for both voice and music reproduction.

Best of all, as a special introductory offer you can get the Scotch BX 90-minute cassettes in a special bag of three for only \$3.99 until October 31. After that, the BX 90-minute 3-pak will be regularly priced at \$5.29. So you save 24%.

SPECIAL
PURCHASE

\$3.99

Available in
most Sears
retail stores

Reg. \$5.29

**SAVE
24%**



Sears

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.



The victory celebration that never took place in 1979 was held instead on Sunday.

on a double by Diaz, a wild pitch, a single by Denny, who went to second on the throw to the plate, and a double by Rose, who seemed to want very much to be a hero. There was another bad omen, though, for the Phillies. "It seems that every time Denny runs the bases," said Phillie owner Bill Giles, "he doesn't pitch well the next few innings."

Indeed, in the sixth, Lowenstein singled and Dauer doubled past Schmidt. At this point, Altobelli began to maneuver as if this were the World Series or something. He sent up four consecutive pinch hitters, a Series record. Joe Nolan, batting for Cruz, was walked intentionally; Singleton, for Dempsey, walked with the bases loaded; Shelby, facing Hernandez, gave the O's the lead with a sacrifice fly that Matthews caught with a spectacular leap against the fence in left; and Ford, batting for Bumby against Ron Reed, struck out.

Stewart, the Throwin' Swannanoa (he's from Swannanoa, N.C.), came on to pitch in the sixth. Actually, he had already been busy in the game, washing the windows of the O's bullpen. "They were all scratched and smudged from doubles by Schmidt and [Andre] Dawson and [Dale] Murphy," said

Stewart. "So we called down for Windex and towels in the first." For the next 2½ innings, Stewart wiped up the Phils. In the meantime, in the seventh, Dauer singled home Dwyer, who had doubled, to give the O's a 5-3 lead.

The Phillies came into the Series with the more bullheaded bullpen, thanks to the effervescent Holland. But the Orioles' relievers, Stewart and Martinez, had

been even more effective. Martinez, who took over in the eighth, has one of the best curveballs in creation. "It's got a real tight spin, so most hitters think it's a fastball," says Pitching Coach Miller. "What makes it even more effective is that Tippy has an 88-mph fastball. When they see this little guy throwing that hard, they don't know what to think."

In the ninth, the crowd finally came alive when Diaz singled with one out. After DeJesus grounded out, Virgil worked a full count, then singled up the middle to score pinch runner Bob Dernier. "I was only trying to create a little excitement, sell some hot dogs," said Martinez. So, with two outs and the tying run on, Martinez was looking at Morgan, whom he had never faced. He showed him his curve, and on the second pitch he gave him another. Morgan lined it weakly to second to end the game.

"I bet we've got them good and overconfident over there," said Rose.

"The last time we were in this position," said Stewart, "we were counting our Series shares and seeing those rings on our fingers. Not this time, though."

No, not this time.

END



In the final moments of the Series and season, the Phillies' bench had every reason to be gloom.

An inspired bunch of British and European golfers put new meaning into the old Ryder Cup matches last week in humid, soggy Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., where they gave non-playing Captain Jack Nicklaus and his team of American pros the biggest scare of their double-knit lives. After three days of dead-even match-play combat, the Americans only hung on to their supreme reputations because of a gutsy last-minute wedge shot by Lanny Wadkins and a blown three-foot putt by the normally dependable Scot, Bernard Gallacher.

Those developments, finishing up the last two of Sunday's 12 one-on-one battles on the PGA National course, allowed the U.S., which going in had a 20-3-1 Ryder Cup record, to survive by the unglorious score of 14½-13½. Had it



A Close Call For Captain Jack

Under the command of Jack Nicklaus, a dozen American golfers narrowly defeated a team of Europeans for the '83 Ryder Cup **by DAN JENKINS**



gone the other way at the end, Nicklaus would have been the first U.S. captain not to win on home soil since biennial Ryder Cup play began in 1927.

After two days of foursome (alternate shots) and four-ball (best ball) matches, the teams went into Sunday's action tied at eight points each, and this in itself was a surprise. There hadn't been a real challenge to the U.S. since the 1969 tie at Royal Birkdale, and the last American loss was at Lindrick back in '57.

The possibility of a loss was very much on Nicklaus' mind before the final matches Stars had already begun to emerge for Captain Tony Jacklin's European team—Severiano Ballesteros of Spain, Bernhard Langer of West Germany, and England's Nick Faldo and Paul Way, 20. Meanwhile, Nicklaus' team was both ailing and disappointing, except for Tom Watson, who had been on the win-

ning side in three of his four partnership duels. Tom Kite was fighting the flu. Fuzzy Zoeller had a bad back and Raymond Floyd was playing dimly.

What Nicklaus told his stalwarts before he sent them out on Sunday was more in the tradition of Knute Rockne than Harry Vardon. "I will not," he said, "be the first captain to blow this thing. Now you guys show me some brass."

For the final round, Nicklaus and Jacklin were each required to list their golfers in a one to 12 playing order without knowing what the other side was up to. As it happened, Jacklin went for offense, while Nicklaus opted for defense. Jacklin led with his big guns—Ballesteros, Faldo and Langer—hoping to put points on the board early. Nicklaus put what he considered his strength at the bottom, figuring that Wadkins, Floyd and Watson, in the 10th, 11th and 12th positions, would take care of business if it needed to be taken care of in the final minutes.

As it turned out, the Europeans did

Ballesteros' three-wood blast out of the sand on 18 typified the Europeans' true grit.

score their early points—they led in six matches and were all even in two others through nine holes—and Nicklaus wound up with Wadkins and Watson in exactly the spots where he would need them the most. Floyd, alas, continued his troubles, as he was buried by Ken Brown of England 4 and 3. The draw put Zoeller against Ballessteros in the first match of the day, which also turned out to be the best one. Ballessteros birdied four straight holes and was 3-up after 11, but Zoeller proceeded to win the next four holes with two birdies and two pars. Ballessteros birdied

16, they both parred 17, and thus they were even coming to the par-5 18th. Both drove poorly and had to gouge out of the Bermuda rough. Zoeller drilled a two-iron into the wind, needing to carry what looked like all the sand in Florida. Ballessteros' shot was more formidable—a 245-yard three-wood from a bunker with an eight-foot rise directly in front of it. Zoeller hit the green, and Ballessteros somehow reached the left apron. Zoeller two-putted for par; Ballessteros chipped and had to stare in a four-footer to halve the match. Zoeller's half-point "upset" became enormously important as the day wore on. After the match he said, "When Jack told me last night I had to play Seve, I took so many pills I'm glad they don't have drug tests for golfers."

The rest of the singles wars then unfolded in the following order: Faldo dusted off Jay Haas 2 and 1, and the Europeans led by a point. Ben Crenshaw whipped Sandy Lyle 3 and 1, and the score was tied again. Next came Langer's 2-up victory over Gil Morgan, and Jacklin's forces were on top once more. Bob Gilder outlasted Gordon Brand, 2-up, and Calvin Peete took a one-up thriller from Brian Wailes. Now the U.S. led, but Way finished Curtis Strange 2 and 1. Then came Craig Stadler's 3 and 2 win over Ian Woosnam of Wales, which was

quickly followed by Brown's handling of Floyd. There were now only three matches left on the course, the score stood at 12½–12½, and Captain Nicklaus was going crazy, driving around in his golf cart with his walkie-talkie pressed to his ear, trying to keep up with it all.

"It's the first tournament I've ever been to when I wasn't playing and couldn't do anything about what was happening," said Nicklaus afterward. "This was the damndest thing I was ever involved in."

Things looked woeful for the Americans when Sam Torrance hit a marvelous pitch at the 18th for a birdie to halve his match with Kite. At that moment it seemed that the contest would end in a 14–14 tie: Watson was 2-up on Gallacher at the 16th hole, while Wadkins was one-down to Spain's Jose-Maria Canizares with one hole to play. The U.S. had a tiny edge though—Wadkins. He had fought back from 3-down, and if he could win the final hole to halve his match, that would do it—for Watson's win over Gallacher seemed assured.

Most of the American players and their wives were out on the 18th fairway

to watch Wadkins strike two fine woods and position himself for an 80-yard wedge shot to a pan sitting behind a yawning bunker. Wadkins was the perfect guy for an occasion like this: cocky, a gambler, a thriver on pressure. He almost holed the shot, and his teammates swarmed over him as if he'd kicked a winning field goal with no time remaining. But behind them all, Watson bogged 16 and then 17. If Gallacher had managed even a bogey on 17, they would have gone to the final green with as much golf drama in the air as anyone could ever hope to witness. But Gallacher butchered the 17th worse than Watson had, and the competition officially ended there with Gallacher's double bogey and Watson's 2 and 1 win.

But it was truly won for the Americans with Wadkins' flawless wedge moments earlier, followed by Nicklaus' sigh of relief, by the captain's embrace of Wadkins, by Wadkins saying, "It was only the most important shot of my life, Jack. There's nobody I'd rather have hit it for."

To which Nicklaus said, "Lanny, that little son of a gun. He needs a wheelbarrow to carry his brass around."



Sam Wadkins (second from right) and his wedge it would have been hands off the Cup.

On the most miserable afternoon of John McKay's coaching life, with the Tampa Bay team he had built from scratch into a Super Bowl contender coming apart like a piñata in Green Bay, the young man he had built it around lounged in the living room of his family's ranch house on the outskirts of Zachary, La., and laughed.

Actually, Doug Williams could not enjoy the slaughter to the fullest because the game on TV was not Tampa Bay-Green Bay, it was Minnesota-Dallas. But the network updated the score frequently (it had to to keep up) as the Packers piled it on. When it reached 21-0 in the second quarter Williams cried, "Oh, yeah!"

The house, a gift from Williams to his family, bought with the money he had made as the late, near-great Tampa Bay quarterback, throbbled with the ebb and

flow of relatives and friends. Doug's older brother Robert, now a junior high school principal, popped in and out, and there was a seemingly endless parade of pretty little girls in starched white Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The phone rang incessantly. Doug's mother, Laura, monitored the calls. His infant daughter, Ashley, dozed in a portable crib in the living room, oblivious.

The score against Tampa Bay reached 35-7, and the phone rang again. Williams giggled and capped his hand over the receiver. "He says he hopes Green Bay gets 75," Williams said of the caller.

Then it was 42, still in the first half. A pig-tailed girl stood before him. "How come you don't play no more?"

"I play."

"Number 12?"

"Yeah."

While Williams builds an addition to his folks' home, McKay must rebuild the Bucs with Thompson, who's fumbling as a filler.





Gone With The Wins

Tampa Bay's Bucs are 0-7 without USFL-bound Doug Williams, the key to all of Coach John McKay's plans

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

"I don't see you on TV no more."
"I'm in the other league. Tuba [the USFL Oklahoma Outlaws] is my team now."

By halftime, the Buc-kicking had reached 49-7 and Tampa Bay had nailed down its fifth straight defeat. Williams said justice was being served. Once, he said, he thought being a Buccaneer "was the greatest thing in the world," but he learned "in a hurry" that pro football was strictly business. He said the business was what he got when he and the Bucs could not come to contract terms and he had gone to the USFL in August for "a better deal." From now on, he said, "I play for the paycheck."

He said he'd be lying if he said he hadn't wanted to stay in Tampa. And,



yes, he was bitter. "You get slapped in the face enough, you get bitter. I bit my tongue for five years."

He said there was no turning back, even if the USFL folds: "Too much emotion involved. The fans had signs for the first game in Tampa: 'Doug who?' Well, they'll remember Doug Williams. A lot of people came to see me play. Attendance is down. In 63 years of NFL football, a black quarterback had never done as much as Doug Williams."

continued

But he said he was not just a novelty. "Doug Williams was the guy the Blues looked to to get it done," he said. "Maybe with Doug Williams they wouldn't be 0 and 5. Maybe they'd be 3 and 0. Maybe they really would be going to the Super Bowl."

He blamed the Tampa Bay "organization," its intransigence in contract talks. He blamed Hugh Culverhouse, the owner, for not making him feel "wanted." To make him feel wanted, he said, would have required only \$600,000 a year for three years, not the \$875,000 he was publicly demanding. Culverhouse, he said, had drawn the line at \$400,000. He blamed racism. ("If I was white, don't you think I'd have gotten what I wanted?") And, finally, he blamed John McKay.

"I'll always be grateful to Coach McKay for the opportunity he gave me," Williams said. "It took guys to make me his quarterback my rookie year and then stick with me through all the criticism. But he could've done something, as much power as he has. He said, 'It's a fair offer.' If I was the owner, and John McKay told me that, I'd do what Mr. C. did, too."

Ashley now was groping for the railing

of the crib, trying to pull herself up. Williams bent down tenderly and lifted her, turning her to reveal the lettering on her LOVE TULSA T shirt.

"Janice would have wanted us to stay in Tampa," Williams said. Janice was his wife. She died of a brain tumor last April. Janice, he said, "didn't like controversy. She would have made me stay. But it wouldn't have been right. Next year, I'll be in Oklahoma, and it won't matter so much, but it would hurt me to the heart if Tampa Bay went to the Super Bowl with-



out me. I can't be a hypocrite about it. I hope they go 0 and 16. I'll always have respect for Coach McKay, but I hope they go 0 and 16."

The second half had been kinder to Tampa Bay; at the end the score was 55-14. The next morning McKay sat subdued in the backseat of a company car, shrouded in his own cigar smoke as he was being

driven to the taping of his weekly television show. After the game he had threatened to punch a Milwaukee columnist for asking, simply enough, why Tampa Bay had played so miserably. Past nightmares were being recalled.

In his first two years in Tampa, after a supernal college career at USC, McKay had suffered through 26 straight defeats without losing his wits. (Or, for that matter, his wit. "What about the Bucs' execution?" he was asked then. "I'm in favor of it," McKay replied.) But in those days he was putting life into dreams. This was different. This was dreams dying.

This was the year he thought Williams would get the status McKay had predicted for him through a protracted, often painful learning period. Maybe even carry the Bucs to the Super Bowl.

The morning before the trip to Green Bay, McKay had nursed a pre-breakfast cup of coffee on the sun porch of his home on Tampa's Bayshore Drive and discussed how one coach will handle his quarterback differently from another. He said he was never one to get too close to players. But with Williams, he said, the rapport had been extraordinary. If you could possibly characterize a short, white football coach and a tall, black quarterback as soul mates, McKay and Williams were that. Williams, the 6' 4", 215-pound heavenly body with the rifle arm, and the unflappable, innovative McKay, whose record for indifference to color has bordered on the legendary. At USC, almost all of McKay's star players were black. He had two black quarterbacks there. And from the start his Buccaneer teams have been well marbled. The official Buccaneer poster last year was a montage of seven players, one of whom was Williams. They were all black.

"People said we couldn't win with a black quarterback," McKay said. "People said there were 'rumors' about Doug's intelligence. The rumors were wrong. He's a smart young man. They used to 'rumor' about Terry Bradshaw's intelligence, too. Bradshaw took Pittsburgh to four Super Bowls. I'd love to have a quarterback dumb enough to take me to four Super Bowls."

In 1978, Williams was the first black

continued



Now that he has signed on with Oklahoma, Outlaw fans hope Doug will do it in Tulsa.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ULTRA LIGHTS: 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
REGULAR: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR. '92.

VANTAGE.
THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.

Great Taste
with Low Tar.
That's Success!





McKay coached Williams on short passes.

DOUG WILLIAMS continued

quarterback ever to be drafted in the first round. McKay's scouts told him Williams was raw talent. He was an All-America, but at Grumbling the opposition was not big time. A knock was that Williams had no "finesse" passes in his arsenal. He threw mostly downfield, what coaches call "haul-ass stuff," never to his backs.

But McKay saw films and liked what he saw—"the kind of player you go with for the long pull," he said. "The future of the franchise." And he said something else, remarkable in its appositeness: "I'm 55 years old. If Doug Williams isn't the future, we'll have to start over, and I'm too tired to start over."

The best quarterbacks are not an extension of the coach on the field. They are more than that. Play-calling is overrated. If the quarterback is on the same wavelength as the coach, he will usually call the same plays the coach would anyway. It is after the play starts, when he is on the run facing a myriad of alternatives—keying on defensive backs, reading coverages—it is at those crucial moments that a quarterback must shine.

"Doug had started to get that," McKay said on the sun porch. "He was becoming—not there yet, but on the way—one of the better quarterbacks in the game. The biggest thing he had to control was his emotions. That thing about being the first great black quarterback might have been the problem, but I thought he was controlling that. I had to tell him, 'No matter what happens, Doug, you're the quarterback. Nobody's going to come out there and take your place.'"

McKay told that to Williams through the giddy highs and through the abysmal lows, when the coach took so much heat he began to think his full name was McKay You Idiot. At times Williams was so brilliant he took your breath away. At other times he played like a man without a coordinating bone in his body.

He *did* have trouble throwing to the outlet man or players coming out of the backfield, but his space shots downfield won games; he played hurt; and the Bucs in 1979 became the youngest team ever to reach the playoffs. And made them two out of the next three years.

But although it was a colossal improvement over what Tampa had done before, Williams was, in five years, only a .500 pitcher—won 33, lost 33. He never made the Pro Bowl and never ranked among the leaders in the quarterback ratings. Sometimes he made bonehead plays, and sometimes he made bonehead remarks. Early on, after being roundly booed, he said, "Let 'em boo; I'll still be taking my money to the bank." A fan wrote in: "I just hope Doug's not required to throw his money in the door. He'll only hit it one out of five times."

But through it all, McKay stuck by him. And after the '82 season, McKay even fired his quarterback coach, Bill Nelson, because he thought Nelson and Williams "weren't getting along." Williams worked hard in the off-season, said McKay, "and he learned. Last year our leading receiver caught 53 passes—and he was our fullback. James Wilder. I knew then that Doug was on his way."

But now Williams was not only on his way, he was gone, and in the car heading for the television show. McKay said the Bucs' play in Green Bay was "the worst I have ever seen, college, pro or high school. We keep playing that way and we will go 0 and 16, no trouble at all."

He said Williams' leaving had "put us out of sync. In the ppos, you can't just recruit a guy to step in. Denver tried to do

that with John Elway, and he couldn't throw the ball past the line of scrimmage. Jack Thompson [whom the Bucs acquired from Cincinnati in a June trade] could be the answer for us, but it could take a while, too. Maybe it'll take three or four years. But if we have to, we'll start over. I'm not going to quit."

He blew smoke.

What worries him now, he said, is that the Bucs themselves seem to believe Williams is right, that they can't win without him. "If you start thinking you can't make a putt," he says, "you won't make the putt. If they feel they can't play without Doug Williams, then a lot of these guys are stealing money."

More smoke, and a long pause.

"But what really hurts is I pick up the paper in Milwaukee, and Williams is saying he wants us to lose. He's saying he's not mad at the team or the coach, but he wants the Bucs to lose. Hell, we are the Bucs. I'm on this team, too. Hurt? You're damn right it hurts. He had a friend."

How could it happen? How could this most fortunate of unions—the ultimate passing machine and the coach that Bear Bryant once said "understands the passing game better than anybody"—go so radically wrong so quickly?

Some of his friends say Doug Williams "changed" after the tragic death of his wife. Doug says as much: "I learned you can't replace the things you hold most dear." Others say the long contract dispute hurt his pride, that he believed from the start he should have gotten bonuses for his play "with no strings attached." His first contract, five years escalating from \$50,000 to \$120,000, had been embarrassingly low for a starter. Still others say he found the "black quarterback" burden intolerable. They point out that in 1982 his ratings had dropped.

It is more likely that Williams had come to a point in life where he no longer knew who to believe. It's the cold, gray dilemma of the pro athlete in the age of the Stupendous Contract and bewildering, often bitter negotiations. Who do you believe? The agent who says you're worth the moon, or the people who pay you to keep your feet on the ground? And the questions beg for answers.

1) Was Williams getting shortchanged by the Bucs? Culverhouse's final offer was \$400,000 for three years, then a raise to \$500,000, then \$600,000. If you compare that to the millions John Elway is

continued

Earning a buck is hard. Enjoying it shouldn't be.

It's only a few hours on a Fall afternoon, but you looked forward to it all week. So it's only natural that Kessler's is there, too. It's a smooth, easy whiskey—as smooth as silk. And Kessler's a smooth, easy whiskey on the pocketbook. That's easy to take, too.



© 1983. JAMES KESSLER CO., LAWRENCEBURG, IND. BLENDED WHISKY 40 PROOF 72% ALC/VOL (144). GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

**Smooth as silk
KESSLER**



CIVILIZATION HAS JUST ADVANCED.

In 1937, Fisher introduced high fidelity.
And changed the world.

And now, Fisher has taken another step into the future by utilizing the most advanced technology the world has ever known—the compact digital disc—and integrating this revolutionary concept into Fisher's perfectly matched audio/video component system 4950.

The ultimate experience in sight and sound.

COMPACT DIGITAL DISC PLAYER.

Unlike conventional methods, the disc player uses a laser beam to scan below the surface of an encased computer encoded disc. As a result, dust, scratches, and other surface noises have become sounds of the past.

What remains is sound virtually indistinguishable from a live performance.

Add to that sophisticated Fisher features like pre-programmed automatic playback, sample scanning and auto search, and you have a disc player that's just short of incredible.

100 WATT INTEGRATED STEREO AMPLIFIER.

To deliver the full dynamic range of digital disc, the Fisher Studio Standard Amplifier delivers 100 watts of power per channel.

Optimum reproduction is further assured by a 24-band graphic equalizer and Fisher's famous 15", 3-way speakers.

In addition, the system includes a full logic stereo cassette deck with Dolby* B&C.

A quartz digital AM/FM tuner.

And, to make the most of conventional recordings, a programmable, direct-drive turntable.

SYNCRO RECORD/AUTO FUNCTION.

For the ultimate in recording convenience, the Fisher 4950 has yet another highly civilized feature—synchronous recording.

Since the cassette deck is fully synchronized with the digital disk player and turntable, it automatically starts recording your first selection when the music source starts and automatically shuts off after the selection ends. It's as simple as that.

And if you think all this sounds incredible, you haven't seen anything yet.

THE VHS STEREO CASSETTE RECORDER.

With remote control, stereo, and Dolby, plus a 14-day, 9-program timer, the front-loading Fisher VHS has everything imaginable.

That includes auto program selection and a sophisticated 4-head system for exceptional picture clarity and quality.

For an even more exceptional picture, there's the optional Fisher 25" high resolution TV monitor and the TFM Video Signal Controller.

All together, the Fisher system 4950 is designed for a very special group.

Namely, those who can appreciate the difference between the ordinary.

And the extraordinary



FISHER

THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE.

*Dolby is the registered trademark of Dolby Labs.

The one car that succeeds at being both small, and Buick.

As you've undoubtedly noticed, you have a very large choice in small cars these days.

In the hope we can make your choice easier, note that only one of them is a Buick.

Skyhawk.

Though its exterior is small indeed, Skyhawk is unusually generous with comfort, room and other human amenities.

And Skyhawk is also big on engineering. With front-wheel drive, responsive steering

and suspension. Even a T TYPE model, available with a turbocharged engine.

Visit your Buick dealer and buckle yourself into a Skyhawk.

It's the one car to succeed at being both small and Buick at the same time.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Official Car of the Olympic Games
Los Angeles 1984



Some Buicks are equipped with engines produced by General Motors, which may be affiliated with certain institutions. See your Buick dealer for details.

getting from Denver, or to Dan Fouts's \$750,000 per in San Diego, the answer is yes. The other side of the coin is this: Joe Thiemann, the Super Bowl champion quarterback, is making \$262,500, plus \$52,500 in deferred money. Bradshaw, who has four Super Bowl rings, is making \$300,000.

2) Is Williams justified in believing that McKay could have "done something" to turn Culverhouse around? Probably. Those who know Culverhouse believe his respect for McKay is so great he would have acceded to a reasonable demand. But in taking his contract demands to the press, Williams called Culverhouse's first offers "embarrassing" and "an insult." Culverhouse was not pleased. For such reasons, McKay says being in the middle of contract talks is "precisely the place a coach should not be. You're wrong both ways."

3) Were the differences racially motivated? Certainly Williams had heard his fill about race. And when his agent, Jimmy Walsh, speaks of the issues he invariably brings up geography. "We're talking about Tampa, Florida," he says, "not New Brunswick, New Jersey." And when Walsh quotes Culverhouse, he speaks in an exaggerated Southern accent. The implications are clear enough.

But given the racial epithets black athletes often endure (they are heard everywhere, not just in Tampa) and the early heat Williams got (McKay himself went into the stands after one heckler), it is still true that Williams enjoyed exceptionally good treatment in Tampa. A Doug Williams fan club sprang up his first year, and the Tampa press gushed his praises. One Tampa columnist suggested that Culverhouse "go find Doug Williams and pay him what he wants."

And, of course, McKay pushed hard for Williams' recognition—"not to prove my point, but to prove a point." That a black quarterback could cut it. What saddened him in the end was that Williams himself was obsessed with race. In their last meeting Williams told McKay how "proud" it made him that McKay played so many blacks. He said during the national anthem he "always counted the black players and coaches on the other team." (Williams later said he had been doing that since high school.) Far from being flattered, McKay was appalled. He said it broke his heart. Can you imagine, he said, if it were a white quarterback with that kind of thinking?

4) Could there have been more communication? Undoubtedly. At one point, McKay got Williams to agree to go see the Bucs' owner, "to sit and talk. I believed they could work it out. But then Doug changed his mind. I said, 'Why?' He said, 'That man could get me to sign anything.'" Williams said later he would have been overmatched, "like an ant against an elephant." But he'll never know. Culverhouse is a hard-nosed businessman but he enjoys being in sport, and in the right mood even McKay believes he would have been a "pushover."

Thompson to the \$400,000 they were offering Williams, it would come to \$600,000, and they could save the draft choice. He says he then said, "I can't say Mr. C. will go for it, but if we could get Doug the \$600,000, would you go for it?" Jimmy said no, that his bid of \$875,000 was final, I said, "Then it would be good business on our part to make the trade?" He said, "Yes."

Walsh says the \$600,000 was never mentioned. Williams says it was but that the "if" made him believe "they'd make me settle for less than that. What I want-



This straight-arm from Ashley is the only contact Doug has had to face so far in '83.

5) Could a contract compromise have been worked out? It came down to one fateful day in June. McKay was "getting antsy." He had not drafted a quarterback; he was counting on Williams. Camp was about to open. To "do something," the Bucs shopped around and found Thompson, a second-stringer in Cincinnati with a \$200,000 salary who was available for a first-round draft choice.

On June 2, with McKay and personnel director Kenny Herock sitting in his office, Phil Krueger, the Bucs' contract negotiator, called Walsh. Their versions of the conversation differ.

Krueger says he told Walsh that they had figured it up, and that if they added the \$200,000 they would have to give

ed all along was \$600,000. The \$875,000 was a "sticker" price." No matter. That day Tampa Bay traded for Thompson. His salary and the loss of the draft choice hardened Culverhouse's offer at \$400,000. On Aug. 9, Williams signed with the USFL's Outlaws to "make more money in two years than he would have made in three at Tampa," according to Walsh.

Williams, says Walsh, will now be allowed to prove how great he is. He says Williams "will break every passing record in the history of pro football." He actually says that, knowing the Outlaws have not yet signed a coach or a name pass receiver. McKay says only that "it's over. It's time to move on."

END



BARRY IT'S 1:30 DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR PLAYERS ARE?

Five months ago in Philadelphia, Miss., Marcus Dupree's uncle Curly Connors was sipping a soft drink behind the counter of the small convenience store he runs. He carefully put the bottle down on a countertop scratched by years of dimes and quarters sliding across it, looked up and said of his nephew, "He's the kind of kid that if things don't go right, he'll up and leave. I hope that folks at Oklahoma understand that. And if that happens, I know people will say he's a quitter."

Last week, with things not going right, on the field or in the classroom, Dupree up and left. People said he was a quitter. The folks at Oklahoma didn't understand. Everybody was pointing the finger at everyone else, with the biggest load of blame being dumped on the beleaguered Sooner coach, Barry Switzer. "I'm disgusted," said Switzer last Thursday. "It's inconceivable to me that a football player of his stature at a major college would take a week of vacation in the middle of the season." A week? It might be forever.

While football players gravitate to unhappiness as regularly as coaches gravi-

Oklahoma Tailback Marcus Dupree gave Coach Barry Switzer a clear sign of how he felt by going AWOL

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

tate to paranoia, what sets the Dupree case apart is that he was—and maybe still is—the finest amateur player in the country. Trouble is, Dupree, a 233-pound sensational-when-he-wants-to-be running back who has only permitted glimpses of what he might be, is, according to Switzer, fat, lazy, undisciplined, unmotivated, selfish, indifferent, immature and lacking in mental toughness. In private, Switzer isn't so gentle.

Last week's events were bizarre. Torn ligaments we can understand; shoulder separations we can understand; even drugs we can understand, sort of. Dupree we can't understand. His disenchantment with Oklahoma became apparent last spring when he told SI (June 29) of his strained relationship with Switzer. This latest manifestation of his unhappiness started on Oct. 8 following his poor performance—14 carries for 50 yards—in the Sooners' 28-16 loss to Texas in Dallas. After the game Dupree asked for and

received routine permission to go home to Mississippi before returning to the Oklahoma campus on Monday. He got the part about going home right; it was the coming back to school aspect of the deal that gave him trouble and caused the furor. Said the idolized and media-blitzed Dupree last Thursday, "You can have all the fame in the world and not be happy. Happiness is more important than anything. And I'm not happy."

Where Dupree will end up remained uncertain as of Monday. He may well return to Oklahoma, although if he does, he'll have a very big mountain to climb in the minds of his teammates. Strong Safety Keith Stanberry was blunt: "I'm disappointed in the type of person Marcus is." Dupree also could wind up at Mississippi State, Alabama or Southern Mississippi. If he goes to any Division I school besides Oklahoma, he won't be eligible to play until 1985. Dupree says he might even attend a small school like Millsaps in Jackson, Miss., or Mississippi College in Clinton. Maybe he'll just go off in the woods and eat fruits and nuts.

Dupree, 19, who led the Sooners in

rushing last year as a freshman with 905 yards but had gained only 369 in five games this season, was on the brink of returning to Norman last Friday evening. He was prepared to swallow his medicine, which he knew would be indescribably bitter when mixed with his ego, and assume a new attitude. But then he heard Switzer say of his leaving the team, "This might even help us."

That tore it up for Dupree, who for

"Marcus felt like Switzer blamed him for the Fiesta Bowl loss [to Arizona State last January] and now for the Texas loss. There was no line of communication between Marcus and Switzer." Counters Switzer on being the fall guy. "He's got to make an excuse for quitting, doesn't he? If we were undefeated and he were leading the nation in rushing, do you think he would have quit?"

Switzer's most crucial mistake was in-

Herschel Walker." In 1982 Switzer dropped his beloved wishbone offense and installed an I formation to give Dupree at least three times as many chances a game to run with the ball. Last spring Switzer said, "Dupree is lazy. It's all come too easy." A book and several songs have been written about Dupree. He spoke of winning the Heisman, and Switzer said, "Attaboy." Talk about confusing signals.

continued



When he left the team, Dupree headed home, where last June he said his bubble could burst.

months had been chafing under a drumbeat of criticism from Switzer. That a lot of Switzer's observations were correct is immaterial; that they made Dupree mad is very material. Further, Dupree was miffed that Switzer never seemed to believe him when he said he had a pulled hamstring, knee injuries, asthma, virus, car trouble, alarm clock malfunctions. Dupree's best friend, Ken Fairley, 29, a counselor at Southern Mississippi, says,

consistency. Following the Fiesta defeat, during which Dupree ran for 239 yards, Switzer criticized him for being out of shape. The next month Switzer said, "Marcus Dupree is the greatest football player in America. He's better than



Also, Switzer in his exasperation says things about Dupree that are unfair and even downright inaccurate. For example: "He really hasn't practiced since he came here." Wrong. While Dupree missed workouts with injuries and always viewed practice with the same enthusiasm he would a wart on the tip of his nose, he'd come around enormously on that score. According to assistant coaches, Dupree this fall not only had been practicing with an enthusiasm heretofore foreign to him but also was leading the yelling and carrying on during workouts and was making a conscientious effort to get along with his teammates. Before the Texas game, in spite of a nagging knee injury that was depressing him—and reducing his effectiveness—Dupree had his best week of all and even seemed to be emerging as one of the team leaders.

Now the difficulties threaten to knock the wheels off the Sooners' wagon. On Saturday, Dupree-distracted Oklahoma needed a miracle finish to overcome seven turnovers, a school-record 15 penalties for 145 yards and a 20-3 deficit to whip its normally docile sister school, Oklahoma State, 21-20 in Stillwater. (The Cowboy boys have defeated the Sooners only once since 1966.) The victory was set up by Tim Lashar's onside kick that was recovered by Oklahoma's Scott Case with 2:50 to play. Lashar, however, was supposed to hit the ball deep. Everybody was told that except Lashar. Thanks, luck. Then, one minute, 34 seconds later, he booted a decisive 46-yard field goal. This finally shushed the rowdy Cowboy fans, who had posted several signs in honor of Dupree's disappearance, including BARRY, IT'S 1:30 DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR PLAYERS ARE? The scoreboard even flashed such messages as OSU WELCOMES SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI RECRUITING COORDINATOR.

Disciplining stars is something Switzer has seemingly found difficult to do. For instance, starting Split End Buster Rhymes, recruited as an all-world running back in 1982, was caught with another player in possession of a third player's stereo that they'd swiped from the third guy's room. Inexplicably,



Seimon still feels Dupree will return to Norman.

Switzer allowed Rhymes to remain on the squad as a disciplinary redshirt. Then last December Rhymes was caught cheating on a botany test—"I really got stuck," he says—and was tossed out of school for one semester. It's not necessary to put people in jail and toss out the keys for such indiscretions, but at some

Switzer considered Dupree both fat and fabulous.



point a no-nonsense stand must be made. Dupree, with all his excuses and ailments—some real, some imagined—has left Switzer twisting in the wind and looking foolish.

Ditto the university, for Dupree had stopped being a college student. Jin Brown, academic counselor for the athletic department, told SI's Jill Lieber last week. "I've talked to all of Marcus' teachers the last few days. He just hasn't gone to school. What has he done classwise this year? Zip. Nothing. He probably would have flunked every course." Dupree regularly cut American History 1493, failed the first test in the course, dropped it and picked up Skills for College Success, which he attended once. And in a remarkable lapse of judgment, he failed to attend most of the classes in Philosophy 1203, which is taught in part by University President William S. Banowsky. Says Brown, "When we give a kid an athletic scholarship, it's to represent us in games. Because he doesn't cut it scholastically, how can you hold him out of games?"

If that sort of educational philosophy is open to question, Brown's further observation on Dupree is not: "Marcus is too immature to make a rational decision, especially right now." It's this immaturity that friends repeatedly cite as being Dupree's key shortcoming. Says Oklahoma basketball All-America Wayman Tisdale, a buddy who knows star pressure well, "You grow more from the bad times than the good. Marcus is too immature to realize that." Adds Sooner Defensive Tackle Rick Bryan, who is also an All-America, "Marcus doesn't handle the pressure very well. When you are under pressure, you don't run home."

Despite this being his second year away from Philadelphia, Dupree says that he was homesick and that he didn't realize how much he missed his mother, Cella. She, however, encouraged him to stay at school, although on Saturday she said, "Whatever Marcus wants is what I want." When Dupree would say he was coming home to visit, Cella would try to dissuade him by saying, "Why, Marcus? Ain't nothin' changed." Moreover, Du-

continued



A ride becomes a race when it's
Michelob Light for the winner.

Would good friends really race
like this for a beer? Well, it is
Michelob Light. With the rich,
smooth taste you can compare
to any beer you like.

Michelob Light



Official Beer of the 1996 Olympic Games
Atlanta, Georgia, USA





Rhymes caught two passes last week, but in 1982 he was caught stealing and cheating.

pree knew he was falling far short of his expectations, and everyone else's. And as his troubles deepened, he talked to no one. That was true to form; he has always been reticent. Brown thinks Dupree's penchant for keeping everything inside himself is "the whole problem." His roommate, Quarterback Danny Bradley, says, "He never indicated to me that he would do this. I don't know why he isn't here. If they [the coaches] showed more concern for Marcus as a person, instead of worrying about him running over people every week, the situation might be different."

Almost all of Dupree's friends and coaches believe that when he went home after the Texas game, he had no intention of staying there. Switzer talked with him by phone on the ensuing Monday and told him in no uncertain terms to get on a 1 p.m. flight out of Jackson and to get back to Norman pronto. Dupree now says he couldn't get a ride to the airport. On Tuesday he went to the airport but just before boarding the plane had a change of heart. He remained around Jackson and then went to visit a high school classmate, Alvin Kidd, at Mississippi College. On Wednesday Dupree called Sooner Assistant Coach Scott Hill and Fullback Spencer Tillman. Dupree told Hill he planned to return to Oklahoma. From Tillman he wanted to know

whether his car, a 1982 Oldsmobile Toronado, was all right.

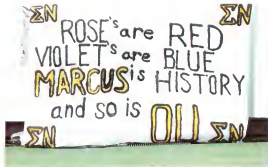
By Thursday, Dupree was in Hattiesburg with Fairley. About 10 p.m. that night Dupree had a brief interview in a parking lot with three reporters, to whom he said, "I'm not going back to Oklahoma." He also lamented his inability to please Switzer. On Friday, Dupree visited with Southern Mississippi Coach Jim Carmody and telephoned Mississippi State Coach Emory Ballard. Later that day Sooner Assistant Coach Lucious Sel-

mon, who had recruited Dupree out of the grasp of Texas, showed up. Says Selmon, "I think he's at the crossroads, a fork, becoming a mature man or trying to hold on to his mother's guidance." Their three-hour conversation took place largely at Carnes Luncheonette—Dupree ordered his favorite, fried chicken—and Selmon made some serious headway. "He said he wasn't happy in Norman," says Selmon. "He never once told me that before."

As for Switzer's harping, Selmon said diplomatically, "Marcus doesn't take criticism too well." On parting at the Hattiesburg airport, Selmon told Dupree, "Give it a lot of thought." Dupree said he would, but when he slid back into the car driven by Fairley, Dupree said, "I'm still not goin' back there." Selmon, however, maintained at week's end that the chances were 3 to 1 that Dupree would return to Oklahoma.

Sooner Assistant Head Coach Merv Johnson says of Dupree, "He enjoys all the benefits of football, all the adulation. He just doesn't enjoy football. He's got to want to do it. It's like going to work every morning. Unless he comes to that feeling, that he wants to go to work every morning, what's the point?"

In the midst of all the recriminations, it seemed odd that only a few months ago Dupree was musing, "I try to make life simple, mind my own business, keep my mouth shut and make life fun." Last week, he was, sadly, 0 for 4 on those counts. The folks at Oklahoma do understand that.



Distracted by Dupree's defection, Oklahoma nearly sustained a historic loss in Stillwater.

**"I make double what my father made.
And I've got less to show for it."**



"People need help with their money."

For close to a century, Sears has been synonymous with providing the people of America with what they need, when they need it.

And with the formation of the Sears Financial Network, at a time when people need help with their money, the tradition lives on.

Dean Witter for investments. **Coldwell Banker** for real estate. **Allstate** for insurance. **Allstate Savings** for banking.

These companies are the Sears Financial Network. And they bring their excellent reputations and years of experience to a very important task.

Providing topflight financial services, straight talk and understandable answers to the people who need them most. You.

Combined, these companies have over 3,000 offices throughout the country, so the help won't be hard to find. Additionally, an increasing number of Sears stores now have a Sears Financial Network center where the companies are all together, under one roof, open whenever Sears is open.

Either way, it's time to get the help you need. And what better way than from people you trust?

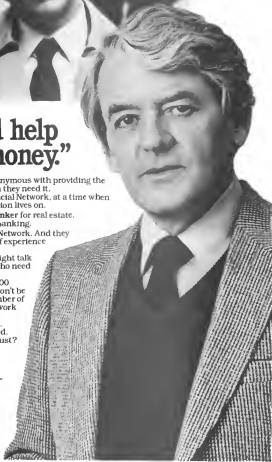
Trust us to make it work for you.



**SEARS
FINANCIAL
NETWORK**

*Allstate
Dean Witter Reynolds
Coldwell Banker
Allstate Savings**

*Available in California. ©Sears, Roebuck and Co., 1983
Allstate Insurance Companies, Home Office, Northbrook, Illinois





Shirley eventually leaves husband, Jack.

by Frank Deford

Good car movie" has always been a perfect oxymoron, like "safe nuclear weapons" or "student athlete," and so, having been trapped at a succession of dreadful crash epics, I found it initially just plain disorienting to be in the interesting and rewarding company of *Heart Like a Wheel*. This is the biography of Shirley Muldowney, the champion drag racer, and a rather literal interpretation, at that, of the life of the pretty little girl from Schenectady who left her husband back in the grease pits of Buddy's Texaco and went on to fame and fortune, besting Don (Big Daddy) Garlin and all the other male lead-footers.

The sign of the film's distribution in many ways offers more intrigue than does the story itself. *Heart Like a Wheel* has been a box-office dud among its natural folk constituency, while it has earned rhapsodic raves from connois-

One car film that clicks

'Heart Like a Wheel' depicts the life of dragster Shirley Muldowney

seurs at film festivals in New York City and Toronto, critics who wouldn't know a funny car from a bumper car. Indeed, the film had to be hastily withdrawn from circulation in hinterland theaters this summer when it simply couldn't attract any audience, and only now that it is dripping the critical grease of big-city sophisticates is *Heart Like a Wheel* going to be wheeled through the heartland again.

Certainly it deserves to be recognized: it has all the ingredients. The acting matches the characterization at a high level. The dialogue, by Ken Friedman, is superb, and so is the gritty photography. With this directing effort, Jonathan Kaplan will springboard to the prominence he has been hunting at. It is Kaplan's nuances, unexpected little bits and pieces of perception as much as mere reality, that help make this film so special—almost too much so, perhaps, for the neat touches only highlight the movie's structural deficiencies.

Heart Like a Wheel (an absolutely meaningless title that most assuredly doesn't help movie tickets; it might as well be *Liver Like a Carburetor* or *Gall Bladder Like a Hubcap*) spans a quarter of a century, and it is altogether too linear—rather like a drag race itself, which starts with a burst but then whooshes down a straghtaway, finishing in a blur that you watch from behind. The same with watching Muldowney's life. Once she establishes herself in this noisy men's world, the rest of the film is only a matter of seeing her recede into history.

But the performance of Bonnie Bedelia as Shirley never once falters and is particularly reminiscent of Sissy Spacek's Academy Award-winning portrayal of singer Loretta Lynn in *Coal Miner's Daughter*—a movie that closely parallels this one. Growing from a cute teen bride into the kind of strained, tight-lipped ear-

ly aging that drains the cheeks of so many working-class wives, Bedelia mixes gee whiz with a developing awareness.

Yet a surprising part of the charm of the movie is that it never permits itself to become the feminist tract that it could so easily have been. None of the men in Muldowney's life is predictably sexist. Her father (played by Hoyt Axton, the country singer) could be a Democratic presidential candidate addressing a NOW convention. Her husband, Jack, may whine in his cups, "I want you to start being a regular wife," but in the tender way Leo Rossi plays him, Jack Muldowney is no chauvinist pig, merely an insecure mechanic who cannot contend with the Establishment any more than he can with changes in the established ways of life.

Shirley's final love interest is another driver, Connie Kalitta (Beau Bridges). Kalitta will take a shot at every skirt walking by, and he renames Shirley Cha-Cha and tricks her out in pink and black and hot pants, but Bridges portrays him dead on: just oversexed, not really sexist. There are more guys like that walking around than followers of women's lib might imagine, too.

The trouble is, any time you make a contemporary biography, you trade with the devil, selling theater for accuracy for its own sake. The affair between Shirley and Connie is certainly never well defined, hardly understood and barely ever engaging. The emphasis on the hot-rodding in the later stages is just as soap-opera-ish, which is too bad, not only because it sullies a good story, but because it devalues the greater impact of Shirley Muldowney's life. That incidentally she went on to become champion of her field is really quite anticlimactic to that time far earlier in her development when she made up her mind to change herself—and then dad. That is when the film is rich and involving.

But, sadly, car movies have such a deserved reputation for being trash that *Heart Like a Wheel* may be avoided by those who are familiar with that tawdry genre, and disliked by those who go to witness it in the expectation of enjoying more in the Burt Reynolds school of collision drama. Too bad. Good car movie. Good movie.

END

Never has so much genius been coaxed into so little space.

You're looking at an actual size photograph of the Super Walkman, the world's smallest, lightest, thinnest cassette player. In fact, everything about it is small. Except its sound.



THE WORLD'S SMALLEST
CASSETTE PLAYER
PRESENTS THE
SMALLER THE
BETTER SWEEPSTAKES.

Test listen to the remarkable new Super Walkman® at your participating Sony dealer, and you could win to the tune of \$25,000.

Just bring along the game card accompanying this advertisement and enter the Smaller the Better Sweepstakes. (If the game card's already been removed, you can get an entry form by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to PO Box 824, Paramus, N.J. 07652.* Or you can get an entry form at your participating Sony dealer.)



When you get there, you'll find our Sweepstakes display, complete with a Super Walkman personal stereo. What you hear on its tape will tell you whether you've won, and how to get a second chance if you didn't.

For more information, see our game card or your Sony dealer. There's no purchase necessary. And the offer expires November 21, 1983 (it's void where prohibited by law).

So do yourself a small favor. Test listen to the new Super Walkman and enter the Smaller the Better Sweepstakes today.

SONY.
THE ONE AND ONLY

© 1983 Sony Corp. of America. Sony and Walkman are registered trademarks of the Sony Corporation. *State of Washington residents will be refunded postage.

IT'S HOT, IT'S HERE, IT'S FIERO!

Throw away those old maps. Pontiac just paved a new road to driving excitement.

Fiero is an all-new kind of car. Designed and built to be exhilarating to drive, yet easy to own. Its mid-engine design and balanced weight distribution give Fiero an amazing command of the road. And its innovative high-strength space frame chassis is wrapped with a beautifully aerodynamic Enduraflex™ body that resists minor dents and will never rust.

Fiero's standard equipment makes serious

roadwork a distinct pleasure; a fully independent suspension. Four-wheel disc brakes. Rack and pinion steering. A quick-shifting manual transmission. Bolstered, body-contoured bucket seats. Full instrumentation. And an electronically fuel injected 2.5 liter engine that gives instant response.

Best of all, Fiero Coupe prices start at just \$7,999! Fiero Sport Coupe (shown) is \$8,499!

The totally new Fiero, America's first and only mid-engine production car.

Only at your Pontiac dealer.

PONTIAC  **WE BUILD EXCITEMENT**



Pontiac Fiero Sport Coupe offers an EPA city MPG of 26 and a highway estimate of 40. Use estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Pontiacs are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Pontiac dealer for details. Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price including dealer prep, taxes, license, destination charges and optional equipment additional. Fiero Sport Coupe (shown) with WS6 perf. pkg. - \$8,499 additional.



**EXCITEMENT
AHEAD**



There's only one word for 4-star entertainment like this. **HBOOnly.**

They're very big. Very hot. Stars like Sylvester Stallone in *First Blood*—the kind of quality performance you've come to expect from HBO.® And HBO also creates its own entertainment. Everything from concerts to comedy acts taped live—all original, all special, all only on HBO in October.



HBO
Great movies are just the beginning.™

© 1987 Home Box Office, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Let's see if we can conjure up the perfect racing afternoon: Take a Saturday in mid-October at New York's Belmont Park, set the temperature in the 60s, spray the sky deep blue and allow fall's fingers to paint the leaves on the giant oak and maple trees orange and red. Put a gaggle of Jockey Club members and social pretenders in the paddock. Bring retired champions Forego and Kelso (who two days later would die of colic at Woodstock Farm in Maryland, where the 26-year-old gelding had been in retirement since 1966) back for cameo appearances, stir in top career money-winner John Henry and other splendid racehorses and let the fans bring up applause from deep in their hearts. That's a lot to ask for. Now all we need is a young horse, a handsome, undefeated one, a horse to build a dream on. Well, why not?

It was all there last Saturday at Belmont on an afternoon of two prestigious races—the \$570,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup and the \$237,000 Champagne Stakes. Slew O' Gold, the best son from Seattle Slew's first crop of runners, won the 1½-mile Gold Cup by three convincing lengths in a stakes-record 2:26½ as three 3-year-olds finished in the first four positions in the race. An hour earlier Devil's Bag put up a bravura performance in winning the Champagne Stakes for 2-year-olds by six lengths in the superb time of 1:34½ for the mile, pinching ½ second off the Champagne record set in 1976 by, yep, Seattle Slew.

Which victory was more impressive? Well, Slew O' Gold's record was accomplished in a race that has been run at 1½ miles only 10 times; the Champagne has been raced at a mile since 1940. In any case, one of the two should be Horse of the Year, right? Maybe. To complicate matters, on Sunday at Toronto's Woodbine track, All Along, the 4-year-old filly, who had won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, won the \$520,350 Rothmans

International. Add one more candidate for Horse of the Year.

Slew O' Gold would be the runaway Horse of the Year by now but for a horrendous ride by Jockey Angel Cordero Jr. in the Sept. 24 Marlboro Cup. In that race Slew O' Gold looked like a sure winner at the head of the stretch, when Cor-

by William Leggett

have been able to claim for his owners the \$1 million bonus that goes with such a feat. Instead, Slew O' Gold lost the \$1 million and, perhaps, Horse of the Year honors by a neck.

A win for Devil's advocates

Devil's Bag galloped on toward 1983 honors—but so did Slew O' Gold



Maple just let Devil's Bag run, and the unbeaten colt responded with a Champagne Stakes record.

dero took the horse wide to impede the progress of Bates Motel, the horse Cordero felt he had to beat to win. Slew O' Gold did indeed beat Bates Motel, but Cordero's move was so flagrantly incompetent that he left an acre of ground open and lost the race to Highland Blade, who was able to slide between Slew O' Gold and the rail. Thus, had Cordero merely ridden professionally, Slew O' Gold would have become the first horse ever to sweep New York's three major fall races, the Woodward, Marlboro and Jockey Club Gold Cup and would also

In the Gold Cup, Slew O' Gold was in second place behind Bounding Basque after a mile had been run in 1:36½. By the top of the stretch, Slew O' Gold was in front by a length and widening, thus the late charge of Highland Blade was inadequate. Slew O' Gold has won only five of 12 starts this year, but as one of his 17 owners, Mickey Taylor, said Saturday, "We danced in the spring, in the summer and in the fall. That should count for something." All of Slew O' Gold's wins, though, have been accomplished at either Aqueduct or Belmont.

continued



Cordero looked like an angel to co-owner Karen Taylor after Slew O' Gold's Gold Cup victory, but his boner in the Marlboro had blown \$1 million by a neck.



HORSE RACING *continued*

His seven losses came at Tampa Bay Downs, Churchill Downs, Monmouth and Saratoga. Slew O' Gold will not race again until the spring; the writing and racing people who vote for Horse of the Year will have to consider just how much weight should be applied to Cordero's goof in the Marlboro.

The major disappointments in the Gold Cup were Play Fellow and John Henry, who finished fourth and fifth, respectively. Chris McCarron, John Henry's rider, said after the race, "On the far

turn when I asked him for some run, he didn't react."

Play Fellow acted up before being loaded into the gate and, as Jockey Pat Day said, "Maybe it's that time of the year. He had a long campaign." And a good one as well. Play Fellow is the only 3-year-old to have won four Grade I races in 1983; Slew O' Gold and Sunny's Halo have three each.

The Champagne was the first Grade I victory for Devil's Bag, and there will be more. Probably many more. He came out of the starting gate briskly, and after the first quarter-mile he was in command, moving away from the pack with nearly every big stride. The 11 other jockeys were hard at work trying to close the gap,

but to no avail. Jockey Eddie Maple just sat quietly on Devil's Bag until the head of the stretch, then he moved the colt out toward the middle of the racetrack. "I took the slack out of my reins at the $\frac{3}{4}$ pole," Maple said. "There was no question from there."

The colt's trainer, Woody Stephens, was ecstatic. "He just takes the track," Stephens said. "He doesn't know what dirt in his face means. He's trained to do anything."

Near the end of August, Devil's Bag's owner, James P. Mills of Middleburg, Va., wrote a letter to Lucille Stephens, the trainer's wife, explaining that the colt got its unusual name from a televised adaptation of Washington Irving's *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. "You may recall the story," Mills wrote. "A new schoolmaster came to the village and was appalled by all the superstition among the villagers. As he entered his schoolroom the first day, he bumped his head

on an evil-smelling sack hanging from the door lintel. He learned from the students that this little bag had great power and must not be removed, as the articles contained therein ward off misfortune from the school. The schoolmaster tore the bag down to illustrate the folly of yet another superstition. Immediately the wood stove in the middle of the room exploded and the school burned. One might deduce from all this that the devil's bag, as the sack was called, was a highly potent force with which to deal; and that's how the name came about for my Halo colt."

Devil's Bag is indeed a force to deal with. He may even be the force of the year.

END

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 40 PROOF. GORDON'S CITY OF LONDON, LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. © 1993 GORDON'S DISTILLERS, LTD.



"I could go for something Gordon's"

The possibilities are endless





The Stafford[™] Collection



JCPenney

Wool jacket \$130. Oxford shirt \$18. Wool slacks \$50. Tie \$8.50. Dedicated to the well-dressed man.

*Availability subject to change without notice. © 1993 J.C. Penney Company, Inc.

by Jaime Diaz

Ed Emory grew up with a speech defect so severe, he recalls now, "I couldn't say 'twenty' until I was 22." All through school he was the big, silent, frustrated lad who sat in the corner. About the only place where he didn't feel ashamed was on the football field, in 1959 he made himself into a 210-pound Little All-America lineman for East Carolina College.

Since then, Emory and his alma mater have done some serious achieving. East Carolina gained university status in 1967 and established a medical school in 1979. The next year, when the school ambitiously decided to play more big-time football games, it found someone just as ambitious to be its coach—a now loquacious Emory.

His tenure with the Pirates, much like his speech, has been marked by relentless work and steady improvement. With a 24-11 victory over Temple at Philadelphia's Franklin Field on Saturday, East Carolina ran its record to 5-1, firmed up its burgeoning reputation as one of the top independents in the country and moved closer to getting its first postseason berth since 1978, when it beat up on enough Marshalls and William & Marys to go to the Independence Bowl.

"They don't have a lot of depth, but they have more great players on their squad than any team we've faced this year," said Temple Coach Bruce Arians after the loss. And, remember, the Owls have played Pittsburgh, Penn State and Boston College this season.

Arians had reason to be particularly impressed by Pirate Free Safety Clint Harris, an honorable-mention All-American last year, who returned an interception 74 yards for a touchdown, and Wide Receiver Henry Williams, the NCAA's leading kickoff returner, who had a 55-yard punt return for a TD. Harris and Williams both run the 40 in less than 4.3 seconds.

Even though East Carolina was a solid



These days the once-reticent Emory has no trouble at all speaking his mind at the Pirates' practices.

Loud new voice in Carolina

Upstart East Carolina ran its record to 5-1 in a 24-11 win over Temple

7-4 last year, it roused some eyebrows in the first game of 1983 when it led highly regarded Florida State most of the way before losing 47-46. Since then, the Pirates have beaten North Carolina State, Murray State, Missouri and Southwest Louisiana, along with Temple, en route to the SI Top 20.

A team with two guys named Quick—Norman and Greg—and one named Speed—Darrell—should be fast, and East Carolina's Option-I offense, led by Quarterback Kevin Ingram, looks as if it could be programmed into a video game. The Pirates' most impressive speed is on the offensive and defensive lines, where every starter can break 5.0 in the 40, a collective feat that is rare even in pro football.

Mesling that speed with strength, East Carolina was most of its wars in the

continued

Long's adherence to the Pirate motto has tuned him into a world-class powerlifter.



trenches. Epitomizing the combination is senior Offensive Guard Terry Long, an Outland Trophy candidate whom the Pirates bill as the strongest college football player in the nation. Long shocked everyone in March when he won the North Carolina Powerlifting Championships with a combined 2,203 pounds, the third-highest total ever lifted. Long, who was competing in a powerlifting meet for the

North Carolina high school teams for 13 years, amassing an 80-12-4 record before serving as an assistant at Clemson, Duke and Georgia Tech.

Although Emory can turn the air an electric blue on the sideline—"You don't go in his direction if you mess up," says one of his players—he's a tireless recruiter who, along with his wife, Nancy, easily charms no-nonsense mothers from North

Carolina from newly hired faculty members, who, in search of their place of employment, have mistakenly turned up in Greenville, S.C., to thousands of Missouri fans, who last year at a game in Columbia wore buttons emblazoned with that inquiry. East Carolina left the Southern Conference in 1977 to become an independent and has never had a capacity crowd of 35,000 for a home game at Ficken Stadium. The Pirates are the only team of North Carolina's five Division 1A teams that's not in the ACC. East Carolina fans would like nothing better than to see their heroes beat the University of North Carolina, and the public is starting to clamor for a rematch between the teams. The Pirates and Tar Heels have played eight times—North Carolina leads the series 6-1-1—but to East Carolina's chagrin, no future meetings are scheduled. The Pirates' 22-16 win on Sept. 10 over N.C. State in Raleigh drew 57,700, the largest football crowd in the state's history.

Being the odd team out in a state that is crazy about college sports tends to breed insecurity, but according to Pirate Strength Coach Mike Gentry, that's healthy. "Our whole team is driven," he says. "Our players have never run with the big boys before, so they overcompensate in the weight room. They're going to make sure they make it."

The most remarkable of these well-muscled specimens is Long. He can dunk and do a running no-hands forward flip. He has a 58-inch chest, a 38-inch waist, 32-inch thighs and a 20-inch neck. Teammates occasionally call him Mr. T, but his open expression and religiousness run counter to the TV character's malevolent appearance.

Long's lack of height worries some pro scouts, but it's likely his strength and sound technique will make him a high draft choice. If a pro career doesn't pan out, Long would love to compete in weightlifting at the 1988 Olympics.

Football hasn't been his major activity for all that long. His father died when he was 15, and young Long worked as a janitor until his senior year at Eau Claire High School in Columbia, S.C. rather than participate in sports. He played part time that season as a 160-pound nose-guard. He remembers he could bench-press 135 pounds when he graduated.

He blossomed physically in the Army, where he started pumping iron three hours a day while he was a paratrooper at



Against the Owls, Ingram passed for 173 yards and ran in from the one for a touchdown.

first time, had a 501-pound bench press, a squat of 837 pounds and an 865-pound dead lift. At 6 feet, 280 pounds, he also has 4.8 speed and a 34-inch vertical leap. "You just don't see good college defensive linemen getting put on their backs or driven five yards off the line of scrimmage," says Pirate Offensive Coordinator Art Baker. "But that's what Terry does to people."

Emory, who also weighs about 280, is building his Pirates on such pillars. In 1980 he succeeded Pat Dye, now the coach at Auburn, who was 48-18-1 in six seasons at East Carolina. Emory went through a rocky 4-7 that first year but is now 21-18 overall, and there's good reason to believe the best is yet to come.

A native of Lancaster, S.C., the 45-year-old Emory expels his drawl in a succession of quick, intense bursts. He even named the youngest of his six children Bartle; "It fits my family's image," he says. Beginning in 1960, he coached

Carolina's rural areas into letting their boys become Pirates.

Emory works so hard because he hasn't forgotten the feeling of failure his speech defect gave him and the amount of effort it took to overcome it. "That's the biggest thing about Ed Emory," he says, fixing his visitor with eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep. "I'm afraid to be a failure. It motivates me more than anything else."

It will take every bit of Emory's drive to get East Carolina into the limelight. Located in Greenville, N.C., a town of 38,000 in the eastern part of the state, it has been the poor cousin in a university system dominated by the bigger institutions in Raleigh and Chapel Hill.

Greenville has had an image problem since 1791, when, during a presidential visit, George Washington described the tavern he had dined in there as "a trifling place." And the question "Where the hell is East Carolina?" has been asked by ev-



**There are more expensive cars we insure.
But none more important.**

Such as the spanking new car these newlyweds just put their hard-earned money into. Depreciation takes its toll the moment you buy a new car. So its normal insured value is always far less than its true replacement cost.

That's why The Travelers decided to offer their Repair or Replacement Collision Coverage option. It guarantees that, no matter how badly damaged, your car will be fully restored to its original condition, through repair or replacement, regardless of depreciation. And it's renewable for up to five years.



To see if you qualify for Repair or Replacement Collision Coverage, call an independent Travelers agent. You can find one listed in the Yellow Pages.

At The Travelers, we believe that our concern for you as an individual is one of the important reasons why we are one of the world's largest insurance companies.

TheTravelers

We offer life, health, auto, and homeowners insurance and mutual funds and variable annuities for individuals, and virtually all forms of insurance for businesses. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, Travelers Insurance Sales Inc., and other Affiliated Companies of The Travelers Corporation, Hartford, Connecticut 06183

Fort Bragg. In his three years in the service he did 60 parachute jumps, defying Galileo, he asserts, by "always being the 14th out of the plane and the first one to hit the ground." He requested, but was denied, permission by Emory to jump into Ficklen Stadium for the Pirates' home opener this year.

Long, 24, says that he began lifting weights in high school. "When I don't lift," he says, "I feel weak mentally. I get irritable. Coming out of the weight room is like coming out of church." Says Gentry, "Terry lifts like someone has just kicked sand in his face."

Williams, the 5' 6", 180-pound junior flanker, is in perfect counterpoint to Long. He's the Pirates' comic, with a running routine on the adventures of Roscoe, his pet rat. The last time Williams was home in Tunica, Miss., he says, Roscoe kicked him out of the shower. Williams transferred to East Carolina from Northwest Mississippi Junior College, where he was a member of the national juco championship team. As is his custom, he did a front flip in the end zone a la Gerald Wilhite of the Broncos after his TD against Temple.

Emory is hoping Williams will flip himself dizzy in the remaining five games. The Pirates face fifth-ranked Florida in Gainesville this Saturday, and on Nov. 5 meet ninth-ranked Miami. The coach will undoubtedly continue to urge overachievement, but the players don't seem to need much prodding.

"People may still hear 'East Carolina' and think 'small-time,' but that will change because we work so hard," says Harris. "I know one thing. After a game, no one has ever asked me 'Where the hell is East Carolina?'"

THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

SOUTHWEST Arkansas took a calculated risk against Texas by playing a stunting, eight-man defensive front that put pressure on the Longhorns but also left the Razorbacks vulnerable to the long pass. The strategy worked for the most part: Arkansas trailed only 7-3 at the half and allowed just five first downs by rushing all day. But Texas did hit the long throw—a 56-yarder from Rob Moorschell to

Wide Receiver Bill Boy Bryant and touchdown passes of 54 and 43 yards to Brent Dutton. Those plays, along with a 54-yard scoring run by Tailback Mike Luck and an 11-yard runback of an interception by Cornerback Mossy Cade to the Arkansas 25, were enough to secure a 31-3 victory for the Longhorns.

With 33 seconds to go and the score tied 13-13 between Texas A&M and Baylor, Aggie Kicker Alan Smith lined up to try a 42-yard field goal. Bears Coach Grant Teaff called the usual time-out and told freshman Defensive Back Thomas Everett that "he simply had to block that kick." Everett, following the rush of Linbacker Alan Jamison, made the block to preserve the tie.

WEST "I feel like I'm jinxed against Oregon," said Arizona Quarterback Tom Tunnicliffe. A year ago the Ducks upset the Wildcats 13-7. This season they won 19-10, sacking Tunnicliffe twice, intercepting him four times and deflecting seven of his passes. Though the victory brought Oregon's Pac-10 record to 2-0, Coach Rich Brooks wasn't talking Rose Bowl: "We're not out of it, we're just not in it. We played a hell of a game. We got the breaks. But we're not that good to be talking about the Rose Bowl."

Arizona State's players hold a far loftier opinion of themselves. As they marched through the tunnel to their dressing room following their 34-14 romp over Southern Cal at the L.A. Coliseum, the Sun Devils chanted, "Rose Bowl! Rose Bowl! Rose Bowl!" and "We'll be back the first [of January]!" "It's the greatest win of my life," said Arizona State Quarterback Todd Horn, who completed 21 of 29 passes for 346 yards. "Everything we prepared clicked for us."

At New Mexico, Brigham Young was facing the seventh-ranked defense in the nation.



BYU's Pendleton caught four TD passes.

It made little difference as the Cougars racked up 777 yards of offense to win 66-21. BYU Quarterback Steve Young connected on 24 of 30 passes for 340 yards in only three quarters and threw for four TDs, three of them to Wide Receiver Kirk Pendleton, who caught nine passes overall for 183 yards and four scores. "They didn't just beat us," said Lobo Coach Joe Lee Dunn. "They shamed us. They annihilated us. They took our all-stars and made them look bad. If they aren't the best offensive team in the nation, I don't know who is. They might be better than Nebraska."

EAST Penn State returned to its spluttering ways against Syracuse trailing 3-0 at the half. Nittany Lions Coach Joe Paterno told his troops to "get out there and make something good happen if you want to win. If you don't want to win, we might just as well pack up now and go home." The Penn State defense made two good things happen: It recovered a fumbled punt on the Syracuse 37 and intercepted a pass on the Syracuse 26 to set up two touchdowns. The offense then chewed up the last 8:48 of the game with a 72-yard drive that resulted in a 21-yard field goal. Final score: Penn State 17, Syracuse 6.

Defense was the story in West Virginia's 13-0 win over Virginia Tech. The Gobblers, ranked No. 2 in total defense going into the game, recovered one fumble on their own one-yard line, intercepted a Jeff Hostetler pass in their end zone and gave up only 138 yards on the ground to hold the Mountaineers to their lowest point total of the year. For its part, the West Virginia defense had nine sacks and held Tech to 221 total yards.

Navy's 37-29 win over Princeton showcased Tailback Napoleon McCallum. Although he left the game with blurred vision just five plays into the second half, McCallum, who ranks first in the nation in rushing with 157.7 yards-per-game average, ran for 229 yards and three touchdowns on 37 carries, caught three passes for 37 yards, returned a punt for 45 and ran back a kickoff for 21.

In New Hampshire's 52-28 defeat of Lehigh, Andre Garron, a sophomore split end starting his first game at tailback, ran wild. Garron, whose father, Larry, was an All-AFL halfback with the Boston Patriots, returned the opening kickoff 92 yards for a touchdown, carried 24 times for 149 yards and two more TDs and grabbed two passes for 90 yards and two more scores.

Columbia, looking for its first win, used a single-back offense for much of its game with Yale, which also was winless. Lions Coach Bob Nasso didn't make the move for strategic purposes, with six tailbacks injured, he was out of runners. Fullback Mike Goldman responded with 120 yards on 30 carries, and John Witkowski completed 20 of 27 passes for 259 yards to lead Columbia to a 21-18 victory that broke a 10-game losing streak.

Carnegie-Mellon, ranked No. 2 in Division

continued



THE BIGGEST INNOVATION IN CLOCK RADIOS SINCE GE INTRODUCED THEM.

Say hello to the only clock radio telephone good enough to be called General Electric.

It combines the reliability of a GE clock radio with the advanced technology of the new GE telephone—in one space-saving unit.

There are two models to choose from—both with a lighted telephone keypad and a special feature that quiets the radio when you pick up the phone.

The model shown here also has a memory for nine frequently called numbers. And three emergency buttons to save you time when you need it most.

FULL TWO-YEAR WARRANTY.

The GE Clock Radio Telephones are backed by a full two-year warranty so you can be sure they're built to last. For more information, call the GE Answer Center,* 800-626-2000, toll-free.

WE BRING GOOD THINGS TO LIFE.



© 1993 B&W-T Co.



Take five,
America

New!

New! Rick



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

land 25's

Taste the good times... five extra times a pack!

Not available in all areas.



Stands head and antlers above the rest.

IMPORTED MOOSEHEAD. BREWED BY CANADA'S OLDEST INDEPENDENT FAMILY BREWERY.

III, was inspired to its 20-0 win over Washington and Jefferson by a homecoming contingent of five members of the *Hill Street Blues* cast and crew, all of whom are alumni. On hand were Charles (Andy Renko) Haid, Bruce (Mick Belker) Weitz, Barbara (Fay Furiillo) Benson, Producer Steven Bochco and Story Editor Mark Frost. They rode into the stadium on a fire truck and were introduced to a crowd estimated at 5,500 by President Richard M. Cyert. Each spoke briefly to the fans. Said Haid, "I wish I could say in the words of Andy Renko what we're going to do to this other football team, but I just can't bring myself to do it."

SOUTH I just came out of a steamy, hot, sweating and sweating dressing room," said Tennessee Coach Johnny Majors, whose team had twice rallied from 10 points behind to beat Alabama 41-34. "I'm as excited as heck. This had to be one of the most exciting games in college football—anywhere, anytime. Obviously, it was more exciting to me because we won it." The excitement started early. On the Vols' first play, Quarterback Alan Cockrell hit Split End Lenny Taylor with a bomb that resulted in an 80-yard touchdown. Later, with Bama leading 27-17 in the third quarter, Cockrell tossed a screen pass to Split End Clyde Duncan, who dashed 80 yards for a TD. After the Crimson Tide went in front 34-24, Cockrell threw a 57-yard touchdown pass to Duncan, and then Fuad Revezit tied the score with a 37-yard field goal. Finally, with three minutes to play, Tennessee had the ball on its own 34. The play, a 49 Option, was designed to go right, with Halfback Johnnie Jones receiving a pitch, but Cockrell checked off at the line of scrimmage to send the play to the left. On an earlier 49 Option, Jones had gotten confused and run the wrong way, leaving Cockrell's pitch for the Bama defenders. This time Jones went 66 yards for the winning TD.

Alabama had one more possession, but with the Tide facing a fourth-and-19 on its own 18-yard line with 1:42 remaining, Coach Ray Perkins elected to punt. "In that situation you have to punt," said Perkins. "The percentages just aren't good when it's fourth-and-19. You're talking about one play—either you make it or break it on that one play. If you punt, it at least gives the defense two or three plays to force a fumble."

LSU Coach Jerry Stovall also set himself up for second-guessing by the crowd at Tiger Stadium when he called for a field goal with 7:55 left against Kentucky. The Tigers still trailed by eight points after the successful kick, but, noted Stovall, "We were looking to get the ball back two or three times." That was not to be, however, as Kentucky won 21-13. It was the third straight game in which LSU's running attack had been held to fewer than 100 yards. Not coincidentally, it was also LSU's third straight loss.

SI TOP 20

1. NEBRASKA (7-0)	1*
2. TEXAS (5-0)	2
3. N. CAROLINA (7-0)	3
4. WEST VIRGINIA (6-0)	4
5. FLORIDA (5-0-1)	5
6. MICHIGAN (5-1)	6
7. GEORGIA (5-0-1)	9
8. ALBURN (5-1)	11
9. MIAMI (5-1)	12
10. MARYLAND (5-1)	13
11. ILLINOIS (5-1)	17
12. WASHINGTON (5-1)	15
13. BOSTON COLL. (5-1)	16
14. IOWA (5-1)	18
15. BYU (5-1)	19
16. ARIZONA ST. (4-0-1)	—
17. SMU (5-0)	20
18. CLEMSON (4-1-1)	—
19. KENTUCKY (5-1)	—
20. E. CAROLINA (5-1)	—

*Last week

Playing against Vanderbilt despite a case of tendinitis in his knees, All-America Roverback Terry Hoge of Georgia intercepted a pass on his own five-yard line in the first half and then, in the closing seconds of the game, baited away what might have been the winning touchdown to preserve the Bulldogs' 20-13 victory. Said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley, "I told our team after the game that Terry Hoge is the best defensive player I've coached in 20 years. His play in the end zone, breaking up the pass, was unbelievable."

In the week preceding Duke's game with Clemson, Blue Devils Coach Steve Sloan made with the jokes. "Clemson has a very dominant defensive team," he said. "In William Perry they possess two of the bigger and better defensive linemen in the country. To resemble Perry, we have rented a Winnebago for our offensive line to practice against." However, in the game the Tigers did all the laughing as they went ahead 31-10 in the third quarter. But Duke Quarterback Ben Bennett rallied the Blue Devils to three touchdowns, and with 1:01 left the score was Clemson 38, Duke 31. At that point Bennett's fourth-and-goal pass from the five was deflected, leaving Duke at 0-6.

MIDWEST

Before his school's showdown with Ohio State, Illinois Chancellor John E. Cribbet said he was concerned that "the flow of adrenaline and exuberance surrounding a championship-quality football team" would lead to the kind of unseemly conduct Illini fans had displayed in demolishing a goalpost following their team's 33-0 upset of Iowa three weeks ago. This time, after Illinois beat Ohio State

17-13 for its first victory over the Buckeyes since 1967, Illini supporters tore down both goalposts and had to be dissuaded from jamming one of them through the Illini dressing-room door. A turning point in the game came in the first quarter when Illinois Defensive End Terry Coe belted Ohio State Quarterback Mike Tomczak from behind while Tomczak was throwing. Tomczak wobbled to the sidelines, where he convinced Coach Earle Bruce that he was unhurt. Tomczak returned to the game after missing just one play and promptly threw an interception to David Edwards, who returned it 47 yards for a touchdown to put Illinois up 7-0. When Tomczak had another pass picked off, the team doctors decided he had suffered a concussion and pulled him from the game.

With 1:47 to play, the Buckeyes were leading 13-10 and driving. Facing a fourth-and-four situation at the Illinois 19, Bruce called for a pass over the middle to Tight End John Frick. Quarterback Jim Karstos, a second-year freshman, argued that he could pick up the four yards on a booting. Bruce relented, and Karstos got only two yards. Illini Quarterback Jack Trudeau then completed passes of 24 and 22 yards and scrambled for another 16. With 1:06 to go and the ball at the Ohio State 21, Trudeau, who had called a draw in the huddle, noticed a Buckeye linebacker lined up to blitz. So at the line Trudeau changed his call to a pitch to Thomas Rooks, who ran right for the winning TD.

Because of injuries, Iowa had to start four reserves in its 31-14 defeat of Purdue. One of them was Left Tackle Jeff Drost, who was playing in place of standout Paul Hufford. Early in the game the Bookmakers ran most of their plays over Drost. "It was like getting

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

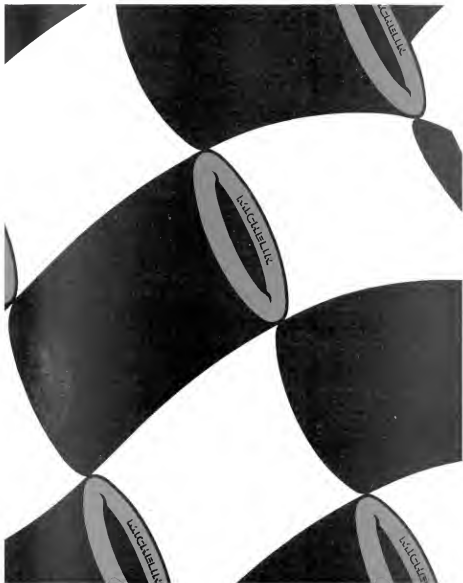
OFFENSE: In a 52-28 win over Lehigh, New Hampshire Tailback Andre Garrison ran for 149 yards and two touchdowns, caught TD passes of 27 and 63 yards and returned a kickoff for yet another score.

DEFENSE: Safety David Edwards led Illinois to a 17-13 upset of Ohio State with six tackles and two interceptions. He returned the first interception for a TD, and the second stopped State's last threat.

run over by a train," said Drost. "If I'd been Purdue I would have run over me, too. If I'd been the Iowa coaching staff, I would have pulled me out of there." Drost recovered to make seven tackles, including a sack.

Culver-Stout College, an NAIA school in Canton, Mo., ended the longest losing streak in the nation at 28 with a 21-7 victory over Southwest Baptist University of Bolivar, Mo. This is Southwest Baptist's first year of varsity competition.

IT TOOK MORE THAN A GREAT CAR TO WIN THE 1983



FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP.

MICHELIN

A pattern has definitely emerged for Michelin in Formula 1 racing. During the past five years we've won more races than any other tire company. Including 1983 when Nelson Piquet drove his winning Brabham-BMW to victory. On Michelin Formula 1 radials.

Is it any wonder? We introduced radials to Formula 1 racing. And they've left their mark through the most

demanding courses, brutal weather and blistering speeds.

Unlike #2, we make only radials. They're all we concentrate on. So you can expect yours to perform as well on the race track as our F 1's do on the road.

Next year, #2 will be racing on radials for the first time. They've finally caught on. Will they ever catch up?



MICHELIN. WE PUT GRAND PRIX ON RADIALS.

MICHELIN

MICHELIN



Ferguson had three TD passes in Baltimore.

This Bill was overdue

Joe Ferguson's precision passing has Buffalo at unexpected heights

Quickly now, who's the hottest quarterback in the NFL? We'll give you a hint. In the last two games he has thrown for eight touchdowns, 649 yards and a .694 completion percentage, and only one of his 85 passes over that span has been intercepted.

Give up? O.K., here's one more stat that may help you: He's tied with Philadelphia's Ron Jaworski among active

quarterbacks for most consecutive starts, 94. Still don't know? Well, the answer is Joe Ferguson, whose three-touchdown pass performance in last Sunday's 30-7 win over Baltimore put the Buffalo Bills at 5-2 and all alone atop the AFC East.

Ferguson's 21-for-30 afternoon, following a huge day in Miami's Orange Bowl the week before, showed one thing: When conditions are right, when the rush isn't standing him on his head and the Buffalo winds aren't turning his passes into ducks, Ferguson can bring it as well as any quarterback in the league.

On Sunday, Coach Frank Kush, whose scrappy young Colts had been on a three-game win streak, gave Ferguson a tribute: "He did a remarkable job reading our coverages, just remarkable." The week before, Miami's defensive coach, Bill Arnsparger, had sought out Ferguson on the field after Buffalo's 38-35 overtime win and gripped his hand. "I'm proud of you," he said. "You did one helluva job."

Now, when a coach has the No. 1 pass defense in the league and a guy has just shredded it for 419 yards and five TDs, you'd figure that congratulations would

by Paul Zimmerman

be the last thing on his mind. But Arnsparger has a long memory, plus a very warm feeling for the underdog, which is what Ferguson has been for a good part of his 11-year NFL career.

That's right, he has been around 11 years. He was the rookie quarterback from Arkansas who handed the ball to O.J. Simpson in the Juice's 2,003-yard season of 1973. He was there when Lou Saban and then Jim Ringo and later Chuck Knox spent long hours trying to firm up the Bills' running game, because everyone knows you don't get anywhere trying to throw the ball in those 30-mph Rich Stadium winds.

His last few years have been marked by a series of grim vignettes. In a 1981 playoff game in San Diego, Ferguson, practically immobilized with a severely sprained ankle, had the Bills in front with two minutes left, only to see the win go down the drain on Dan Fouts' touchdown pass to Ron Smith. In a playoff game in Cincinnati a year later, Ferguson waved his hands for quiet and then com-

continued



Ex-quarterback Stephenson is more likely to ask, "What do you want to run, Joe?"

Hot Dogs,
Mustard,
Relish,

MCGREGOR
&



When the Jones' gathered to watch their budding all star run seventy-six yards for a touchdown, McGregor Sportswear was right there with them. McGregor and good times never go out of style.

MCGREGOR

WE'VE BEEN PUTTING OUR BRAND ON AMERICA FOR OVER 40 YEARS.



Cribbs will leap to the USFL in '84 but not before rolling up big yards in '83

He had a miserable 1982. The Bills won their two games before the strike and then two of their seven after it. Ferguson's poststrike statistics read two TD passes, 15 interceptions. "I got too emotionally involved in the strike," he says. "I honestly didn't think we'd even have a 1982 season. When the settlement came, I'd given up. I had my bags packed for Shreveport. I have a family—my wife had just had a baby—and I was just so relieved I had a job. But in the back of my mind, and this was the real scary part, was: Do I have a job next year?"

The whole Buffalo operation was looking shaky. Ferguson and others sounded off after the season about how Knox's conservative play-calling had crippled the offense. Knox washed his hands of the whole mess and went to Seattle. Kelly opted for Houston of the USFL; he'd been picked with the draft choice the Bills had acquired from Cleveland for Tom Cousineau, another No. 1 choice they couldn't sign. Joe Cribbs, Buffalo's fine little halfback, signed with Birmingham of the USFL for 1984.

Stephenson, who'd been one of Sid Gillman's bright young quarterbacks at San Diego, in 1967, was watching his club come apart before the first whistle blew. It was time to return to strength, to the old guard. Ferguson had started every game for six years. He was the man.

"We went into the season with the same plays and the same basic formations we'd used in the past," Ferguson says, "but different ideas on how to use those plays. Instead of trying to grind it out, we would be flexible. I had more leeway on my calls. When I'd go to the sidelines Kay would ask me, 'What do you want to run?'"

It didn't catch on right away. The Dolphins sacked Ferguson six times in the opener and shut out the Bills

12-0. Three wins followed, but then the Jets bombed Buffalo 34-10 on national TV. The last time the camera caught Ferguson, he was being driven off in a golf cart, dazed by a shot to the head.

Miami was next. The last time the Bills won at the Orange Bowl was in 1966, when Ferguson was a sophomore at Woodlawn High in Shreveport, La. This time the Bills flooded the field with wide receivers, sometimes using four at once. They took out their running backs and stationed Tight End Mark Brammer in the backfield to pick off blitzers, and the 235-pound Brammer swatted them away like flies. Ferguson wound up completing 38 of 55 passes for those 419 yards and a handful of team records.

It was easier against the Colts. Buffalo's offensive line kept Ferguson unsacked. In the first quarter, when the Colts blitzed a weakside linebacker and a safetymen, the Bills sent Split End Jerry Butler on a pock and slid Cribbs out behind him, putting Baltimore's strong safety, Nesby Glasgow, in an impossible coverage. Ferguson neatly dished the ball to Cribbs for a 14-yard score. That was touchdown No. 1.

No. 2 came early in the second quarter. With second and goal on the four, the Bills set up in their goal-line offense of three tight ends. Ferguson froze the linebackers on a play fake, and Brammer slipped behind them on a crossing pattern to take Ferguson's pass for the score.

No. 3 came in the same period, a 20-yard pass to Frank Lewis out of a three-wide receiver set. Ferguson looked for Cribbs over the middle, saw too much traffic in the area and found Lewis in the corner. A field goal late in the quarter put the game away at 24-7. During one stretch in the second period Ferguson went 11-for-11. Sometimes the Bills had used four wide receivers, sometimes three, sometimes none. But Ferguson was always on the money.

"It's tough for a young secondary like ours, seeing those four wide receivers flying down the field," said Glasgow, a five-year veteran, which makes him an elder statesman on the Colts. "They can all run, they can all catch, and when you don't put heat on Ferguson, he'll kill you."

"I love the way our offense is working now," Ferguson said. "I'm as happy as I can be about it. It gives me a chance to play the game."

He deserves it.

PRO FOOTBALL continued

pleted the fourth-down pass that could have gotten the Bills back in the game, only to have the play nullified because the 30-second clock had run out.

The Bills drafted a quarterback, Matt Koffler, in the second round in 1982. Then they went for another one, Jim Kelly, in the first round this year. "Best player on the board," Kay Stephenson, the Bills' new coach, said of Kelly, but the 33-year-old Ferguson was getting another message. "I figured I had another two years, tops, in Buffalo," he says.



Cribbs baffled Baltimore on this 14-yard touchdown catch.

WINDSOR WINS AGAIN.



TASTE TESTS PROVE WINDSOR BEATS V.O. AGAIN.

In 1982 Windsor's taste was chosen over 86-proof Seagram's V.O. 57% to 43% in informal bar tests in selected markets.

Again in late 1983, Windsor's mild, smooth taste was chosen over the new 80-proof V.O. in two different broad-scale tests among Canadian whisky drinkers—55% to 45% both times.

Try the taste of Windsor and find out for yourself why you can't beat the taste of Windsor. And you certainly can't beat the price.

WINDSOR 
ONE CANADIAN STANDS ALONE

If you don't know anything about bridge at the world-championship level, the first thing I'd better explain is that the Italians always win, especially when Benito Garozzo and Giorgio Belladonna are in the lineup. It's like a rule: Aces take kings, kings take queens—and the Italians win. That's because Garozzo and Belladonna are the Ruth and Gehrig of the game. Between 1957 and 1969 the Italian Blue Team, on which Garozzo and Belladonna were the stars, won 12 of 13 world titles. When, as a member of the Aces, the U.S. team, I won my first two championships in 1970 and 1971, Garozzo and Belladonna were in semiretirement back in Rome. When they reappeared in 1972, they won again. *Que sera, sera.*

From Oct. 6 to Oct. 8, my partner, Bobby Wolff, and I, along with four other members of the latest version of the Aces, found ourselves up against Belladonna, Garozzo and four of their countrymen at the world championship in Stockholm.

There were other teams in Stockholm, of course, 10 in all, but after the semifinals were over, only Italy and the Aces were left. Ahead of us were 176 boards—hands of bridge, if you will—randomly dealt. If Wolff and I held the North-South cards in one room, two Italians would hold the same cards in another room against another pair of Americans, either Peter Weichsel and Alan Sontag or Mike Becker and Ron Rubin. Compare the results from the two rooms, and you get a score that is translated into international match points (IMPs).

If Las Vegas carried odds on the finals, we probably would have been 2-40-1 favorites. I know, I just said that Italy always wins, but Belladonna is now 60 and Garozzo is 56. Furthermore, the Italians had narrowly survived a few preliminary rounds. Except for history, there was little to suggest that the two teams belonged at the same card table.

At least, that's how we felt

Oh no, no, Giorgio

Giorgio Belladonna's error let the U.S. beat Italy for the world title

by Bob Hamman



BOARD 175			
East and West vulnerable			
South dealer			
		BELLADONNA (North)	
		SONTAG (East)	
WEICHSEL (West)		GAROZZO (South)	
EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
Pass	1 ♦	Pass	2 N.T.
Pass	3 ♦	Pass	4 N.T.
Pass	5 ♠	Pass	6 ♦
Pass	Pass	Pass	

Opening lead: queen of clubs

when Captain Joe Musumeci chose our lineup for the opening session of the finals—four members of a team play while two rest—and sent Wolff and me into the room with Belladonna and Garozzo. Six boards into the match we trailed by 41 IMPs. So much for Vegas odds. But we fought back, and by the end of the session, which was the first of 11, we were down only eight IMPs. Translated to football, that's like being behind 3-0 after six minutes of the first quarter. No problem.

Over the next nine sessions, consuming the better part of three days and nights, neither team led by more than 20 IMPs at the end of any session. With the final 16 boards to go, Italy led by nine IMPs, not an insurmountable margin. In that final, Wolff and I went up against Lorenzo Lauria and Carlo Mosca in the closed room—meaning that no one but officials could watch—while Sontag and Weichsel faced Belladonna and Garozzo in the open room, where the action usually lags behind that in the closed room. The players in one room had no idea what was happening in the other—and wouldn't until the session was over. Sealed off from the other half of the action, all you can do is try to judge how well you and your partner are doing during a session. If you blow a hand, you can be almost certain the opponents will not, and thus you will lose heavily on that deal.

During the playing of those final 16 boards, Wolff and I felt we had the better of it until Lauria and Mosca bid and made a marginal slam in diamonds on the third hand from the end. There was nothing we could do about that, except hope our teammates would reach the same contract. The final two hands were flat: that is, there was no apparent chance that anyone would do anything abnormal one way or the other.

When Wolff and I came

continued



JOIN AN ARMY YOU DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE HOME FOR.

If you're a high school student, 17 or older, you can start enjoying many of the benefits that come with serving in the Army—by joining your local Army Reserve.

You'll earn a good extra income. And you'll have an opportunity to learn a valuable skill. We have hundreds to choose from. And to help you decide which skill you're best suited for, we'll test you before you enlist.

After you sign up, it's off to basic training for eight weeks to get into the best shape of your life. Next comes a few months of intensive hands-on skill training at an Army school. (If you're in high

school or college, you can split this training between two summers.) That's probably the longest time you'll be away from home.

When you get back, you'll train one weekend a month (usually two eight-hour days) with your Reserve unit. Since most of your meetings will be at your local Reserve center, you'll go home Saturday evenings and return on Sunday. Plus, you'll spend two weeks in annual training each summer.

So serve your country in a way that will make you feel right at home—with your local Army Reserve.

For more information, contact your local Reserve recruiter. Call toll free: 1-800-USA-ARMY.

ARMY RESERVE. BE ALL YOU CAN BE.



VCR as simple as ABC



For all its advanced technology, the Quasar® Video Cassette Recorder is simplicity itself. Easy to understand. Easy to operate.

One touch recording. If you're in the middle of your favorite TV show and you



have to leave, just press one button and the rest is recorded for you.

Tells you what it's doing. For example, if you're recording, the letters REC light up, so you see what's happening and there's no confusion. In fact, you see everything

displayed—channel, time, tape speed, tape counter and time remaining.

Easy remote control. You control the entire operation of your VCR—as many as 16 different functions—from across the room. And that's just the begin-



ning. Quasar's True Track 4-head recording system uses new microprocessor technology to give you our clearest, sharpest picture ever. In high-speed picture search, freeze frame and slow motion. You can receive up to 128 channels directly, with electronic



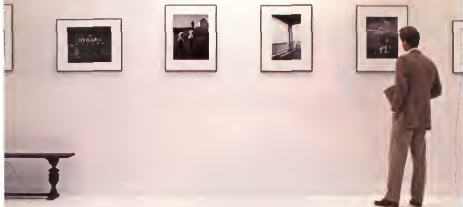
tuning. And depending on the model you choose, you can tape up to 8 different shows for 2 weeks, or repeat your favorite program every day while you're away. There are even models with stereo sound record and playback capability. This is Quasar's most technologically advanced VCR—and it's the one that's easy to understand.

WARNING: One Federal Court has held that recording copyright TV programs is infringement. Such programs should not be recorded.

Quasar

For quality and dependability, shouldn't you have a Quasar?

Quasar, Franklin Park, Illinois 60131
Division of Mitsubishi Electric Corporation of America



It's now possible for people who've only admired great pictures to take them.



The Programmed FG.

Inside everyone who's ever gazed appreciatively at a photograph is the urge to take great pictures themselves.

And now, no matter how much or how little picture taking experience you've had, there's a camera worthy of an admiring look.

The remarkable programmed FG.

The FG is a camera that ambitious beginners can still use after they've become accomplished veterans.

In the programmed mode, just focus and shoot. A micro-



chip computer automatically selects the proper lens opening and shutter speed.

And through-the-lens flash metering with the optional SB-15 speedlight makes flash pictures virtually fool-proof.

Automatic and manual, too.

But what happens when you want a camera that allows you more flexibility?

Then the FG is an automatic camera that allows you to set the aperture yourself to control depth-of-field. And, in the manual mode, you can make all settings yourself for complete creative control.

\$35 rebate for a limited time.

But the real genius behind the FG is that it costs so much less than you'd think. And until January 31,

1984, there is a \$35 cash rebate.*

So visit your Nikon camera dealer soon and check out the ingenious programmed FG.

You'll never be content just looking at great pictures again.



Nikon
We take the world's greatest pictures.

tumbling out of the room and into the huge auditorium where the audience was watching our teammates play, a desperate-sounding Musumeci asked, "How did you do on the last three hands?" After adding our results to those in the open room, where there were still four hands to be played, he told us that the Aces had a fragile lead of two IMPs. We told him that everything depended on Sontag and Weichsel bidding the diamond slam on Board 174.

As that board began, Sontag studied his hand, then reached into the box containing bidding cards and produced the card indicating one diamond. (At the world-championship level, players are separated from their partners by a screen, and bids are made, not orally but by special cards that are then read aloud by an official. Both of these procedures are attempts to eliminate cheating, which raises its ugly head from time to time.) Weichsel responded with one spade, and Sontag went to one no-trump. Weichsel jumped to three diamonds, a hopeful sign that they were on their way to six. Sontag

bid three hearts, Weichsel four diamonds, Sontag four spades—then nothing. Weichsel studied his cards. The longer he hesitated, the more the palms of my hands began to sweat. Finally, he reached into his bidding box and to our horror produced the big green pass card. The contract was four spades, not the small slam in diamonds, and the swing to Italy was a monstrous 10 IMPs. We were now eight IMPs behind, and with only those two flat hands left, we had no hope of winning. All the Italians had to do was fall on the ball.

When Wolff and I played the next-to-last hand (see illustration on page 80), we stopped at five spades after discovering we lacked two aces. Five is cold, so the only hope we had was for the Italians to bid six spades and then fail to make the contract. Belladonna's two-no-trump bid showed a strong hand with support for opener's suit. Garozzo's three-spade bid revealed that his opening had been a weak one and that he had no slam interest. Belladonna continued with four no-trump, apparently the Blackwood con-

vention, checking on the number of aces in Garozzo's hand. Garozzo bid five diamonds, meaning one ace. And then there was a pause, and with it, a glimmer of hope for the Aces. Something had gone wrong. Instead of pulling the five-spade card promptly from the bidding box, Belladonna was deep in thought. Had the two weeks of intense competition taken its toll on the old warrior, or was there some confusion about the meaning of four no-trump? After what seemed like an eternity, Belladonna reached down and produced—glory be!—the bid of six spades. We had apparently just won the world championship.

So it was that 16-time world champion Giorgio Belladonna, exhausted from the strain of the long battle, had committed what was probably the biggest blunder, given the circumstances, in the history of the championship.

O.K., so the Italians don't always win—and maybe they never will again—but as we toasted them with champagne at the awards banquet, I had to salute the impressive run they'd had. **END**

FIRESTONE INTRODUCES AN INCREDIBLE LINE OF BATTERIES WITH AN INCREDIBLE OFFER. \$34.88



Leave it to Firestone to bring you the power you need at a price you'll love.

Firestone's new maintenance free batteries give you plenty of power for dependable starts. Power to get you through the toughest weather. Power to meet even the demands of older vehicles.

And to get you to try one now, Firestone is offering the Valulife 40™ until November 30 for \$34.88—a savings of \$14!*

The Firestone Extralife 50™ and Supreme 60™ give you even more power and longer life. So whether

you have an American car, import or light truck—there's a Firestone battery with the power and price that's right for you. Come in and see.

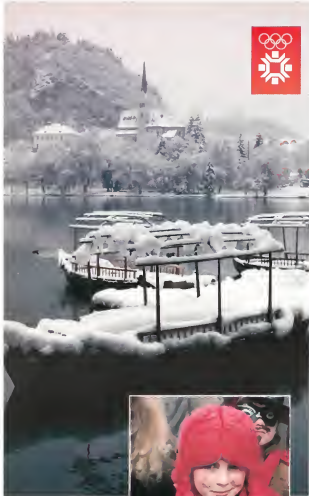
Excludes Canada.
Supreme 60

Firestone batteries at Firestone stores and participating dealers nationwide. You can even charge them on a Firestone Credit Card.

Firestone batteries. Unbeatable performance. Unbeatable prices.



Firestone

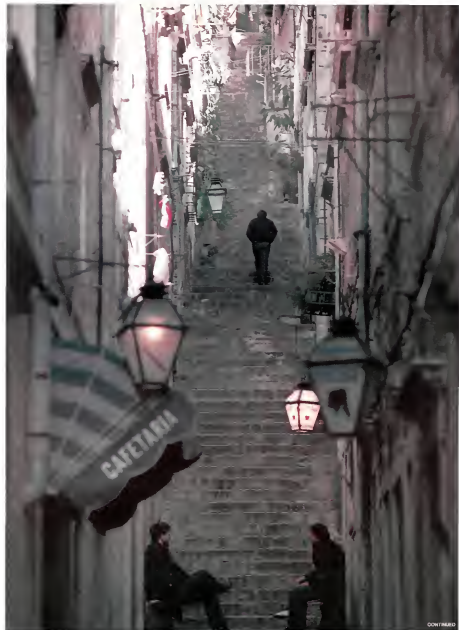


A TRIP EAST WITH WEST

Dame Rebecca West's classic book on Yugoslavia inspired a journey to the fascinating and complex home of the 1984 Winter Olympic Games

by
WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

In February, Lake Bled is snowy and Dobruška's ancient abbeys are nearly empty, but this girl at Plaf's few known springs is in the wings.



YUGOSLAVIA

continued

After challenging the Kranjska Gora slopes, one can drink up local color in nearby Bled.



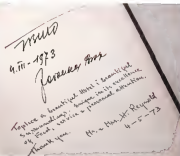
Cooke and I and Rebecca West departed Vienna in our rented car on the morning of Feb. 9 and drove toward the Austrian-Yugoslav border three hours away. It was a snowy, pewter-colored day, and we did not feel particularly festive. We were, after all, leaving the enormously civilized environs of Vienna—birthplace of the Sacher torte, the waltz and much of the best of Mozart—to spend the next three weeks in Yugoslavia, a socialist land in the Balkans, which is in serious economic trouble now and which has been both the scene and the source of grand disruptions that have caused great changes in Western civilization.

None of us was new to Yugoslavia. Jerry Cooke, whose 41 years in photography have taken him to more than 90 countries, first journeyed to Yugoslavia in 1954. Over the past two years he has





Of all the famous signatures in the *Toplice* guest book, Jane is president of Tito's (top)



spent several weeks in Sarajevo, that teeming city of old mosques and new smog that from Feb. 7 through Feb. 19 will host the 1984 Winter Olympics. I'd been to Sarajevo in the winter of 1982 but knew little of the rest of Yugoslavia. Dame Rebecca, of course, had made her famous journey to the Land of South Slavs in 1937. From that she had produced her monumental work, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon: A Journey through Yugoslavia*, a marvelously uncategorizable book of 1,150 pages that touches on politics, travel, journalism, sociology, history, art, biography, autobiography, etc. All of those subjects are tied together by West's luminous opinions, which range from the purely poetic to the blatantly bitchy, from profound social criticism to the juiciest of historical gossip.

Alas, West wasn't actually in the car with Cooke and me as we sped along the autobahn toward the border. On Feb. 9, she lay very ill back in London. She would be dead very soon at the age of 90. But Cooke and I each had brought a much-thumbed copy of *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, and we talked of West so much and with such admiration that she came to be with us in something more than merely spirit.

As we approached the border, the snow lightened and we could clearly see armed soldiers. We could also clearly recall the opinion West held about Yugo-

continued



Yugoslav tourism has shortcomings, Franks says, but they're not evident at the *Toplice*.



YUGOSLAVIA

continued

slavia and its neighbors before her visit. "Violence was, indeed, all I knew of the Balkans, all I knew of the South Slavs," she wrote. She explained that the savagery of Turkish conquerors over the centuries was responsible for staining the reputation of the region so dark that the French habitually made the word Balkan synonymous with barbarian. She remembered that she had once been startled out of sleep in a Paris hotel by noises in the next room—"the sound of three slashing slashes and a woman's voice crying through sobs, 'Balkan! Balkan!'"

The soldiers at the border were rosy-cheeked boys. We passed into the Land of the South Slavs and noticed no semblance of anything barbarian. As we drove into Yugoslavia, we saw the unmistakable black stick patterns of dormant vineyards rising up snowy slopes on all sides. Even in winter the sight of hills cultivated to produce wine lent a tranquillity to the countryside that was the antithesis of violence. But West had been referring to the deep past, to savage battles with Turks who occupied most of what is now Yugoslavia for nearly 500 years and weren't entirely driven out until 1913; to conquests of the region by the Romans, by Napoleon, by the powerful navies of Venice and by the arrogant armies of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Perhaps most of all, her pervasive impression of violence was based on—what else?—the assassination of Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife in Sarajevo in June 1914, which ignited World War I.

But seeking out the roots of such violence was hardly part of the journey that



Dava Rebecca visited the Balkans in '37.

Cooke and I arranged last winter. The point of it all was pure pleasure. We would start in Vienna and end up in Thessaloniki, Greece, with a huge sampling in between of Yugoslavia. And in the process we would produce an itinerary that might be followed—backward or

forward—by any curious traveler who attended the '84 Winter Games. Sarajevo is close to being at the dead center of Yugoslavia, so there are a number of routes one can choose to reach there and to leave there. Our choice was made with the gracious help of the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, in New York City. Dejan Živojinović, a beefy fellow, alternately boisterous and businesslike, with a typically Slav jawbreaker of a name, is director of the office, and our itinerary of stunning mountains, glorious seacoast and not many cities at all was his creation. Živojinović told us, "If I had never been to Yugoslavia, this is how I would wish to see it first."

We rolled past those cold vineyards into the small city of Maribor, a bustling place full of fair Teutonic types who typify the citizenry of the republic of Slovenia, which was never occupied by the Turks. Cooke and I checked in at the Hotel Slavija and found our rooms to be in the proletarian-Spartan style found from Sofia to Shanghai—clean but shabby and furnished in a mode endemic to Wichita, Kans. circa 1935. We ate in the dining room. The food was an excellent Serbian soup of sweet peppers and chick-peas plus pleskavica, a beef and pork mixed

continued



MAP BY PAUL J. POLLOCK



Past cities, seashores, lakes and mountains, Johnson and Cooke covered more than 7,000 miles.



The experts have had a lot to say about the new Thunderbird.

“Thunderbird is a head turner.”

Washington Business Journal,
March 8, 1983

...design. Its...
...the front and rear for...
...traction and stability, so Thunderbird's look actually helps the way it drives. It also has one of the lowest drag coefficients of any four-passenger touring coupe anywhere.

“Its performance is as smooth as its appearance.”

New York Times,
April 10, 1983

With either the standard 3.8 liter V-6 or the optional 2.9 liter V-6 turbo, power is thoughtfully applied, because the Thunderbird 2.3 liter Turbo Coupe is rated at 33 est. hwy, 22 EPA est. mpg.*

“Ford's new Thunderbird Turbo Coupe is pure driving excitement.”

Popular Mechanics,
April 1983

From the tires to the suspension to the steering, the Thunderbird was designed from the discrimination. Power Rack and Pinion steering that firms up on wet and dry pavement. The rack and pinion steering is quick and precise. Gas-filled struts and shock absorbers give the Thunderbird a smooth ride in normal driving conditions and a supportive ride when either you or the road demand. And all these parts work in concert to make the Thunderbird handle the road with confidence.

“To say that this car is the best new Thunderbird in years is a dramatic understatement.”

Road & Track,
January 1983

When it comes to quality, it's not just a car, it's a commitment. We are talking about results. An independent survey concluded Ford makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S.

*For comparison, Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, and weather. Actual highway mileage lower.

Get it together—
Buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?



“The new Thunderbird is Detroit's design triumph of the year.”

Car and Driver, July 1983

YUGOSLAVIA

continued

grill. Grilled meat is the national dish of Yugoslavia, as unavoidable as raw fish in Japan but a lot less interesting after a few dozen meals of it. Čevapčići, grilled chunks of lamb and/or pork, is utterly in-



Ancient rituals are enacted in Ploj's square

escapable, and Cooke referred to it as the "Yugoslav hot dog."

The meal in the Slavija—not a banquet, but a solid repast—cost 200 dinars each. At 65 dinars to a dollar, that was

less than \$3.10. And this, I am delighted to report, was the economic situation throughout the trip: Prices for everything were spectacularly low. And every day, the value of the dinar against the dollar kept dropping—from 65 to a dollar when we started to 72 to the dollar when we left. (The rate of exchange at the end of last week was 110 dinars to the dollar.)

Maribor is resolutely up-to-date. There are ski areas in the nearby hills, and for many years there has been a World Cup race for women at Maribor. The day before we arrived, such a race had been held, and I stopped at the hotel of the American team. Tamara McKinney, who would make history later in the winter by becoming the first American woman to win the overall World Cup, had fallen in this race, but diplomatically commented, "The skiing was terrible, but the people are very sweet."

True on both counts. A dense sky lay over the mountains while we were there. Our guides insisted that on a clear day you can see a huge distance into the Austrian Alps, but we skied in flat dim light on flat dim runs at Pohorje, Maribor's major area. More interesting than the skiing were the low prices: At the Arch Hotel one could hire a well-windowed though tiny room looking out on Austria, eat three good meals and use all ski lifts and the cable car for \$11 a day.

The subject of tourist spending came up during a dinner of *kraca* ("pig's thigh"), cheese and horseshish, which Cooke and I shared with two bright young men from the tourist bureau of Slovenia—Franja, a former ski instructor at Pohorje who had become a travel marketing expert, and Vlado, a tall, blond fellow from Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia. Franja outlined the problem of tourism in Yugoslavia: "Tourists spend an average of \$60 to \$80 a day in Italy or France. Here, the figure is more like \$35 a day. This is good for the tourists, perhaps, but it's not good for the economy."

Vlado chimed in: "There isn't enough to do to spend money on. There's nothing to do at Pohorje but ski and drink, and you can't drink more than a liter of wine if you want to ski all day."

Franja continued: "Our businesses are run by workers' councils. We call it self-management. There are professional managers, of course, but it's the workers who make the final decisions on all policies. There's no government source that



The "karenjs," Slovene creatures designed to scare away winter and bring on spring, are the highlight of the carnival in Ploj.



dictates how the good of the state—or the economy—can be best served."

Vlado went on: "Too many workers' councils tend to vote policies to serve their own special interests. Some shop



workers won't open shops during hours when they could sell many more items. Why? Because they want their own convenience served. It's a perfect democracy, in which each worker votes for his own best interests, and the general good is very often ignored."

The next day we drove west on a wide road, which led Cooke to reminisce about the conditions in Yugoslavia during his first trip in 1954. He had bought a blue 1949 Plymouth convertible in New York, shipped it to Europe aboard the *He de France* and then used it throughout Yugoslavia. "People gathered around like it was a circus car full of clowns," he said. "We kept breaking the oil pan. The rocks were murder. There was one wide autobahn built then, but no one used it. I drove on it for miles and miles and never saw another car. Then far ahead I made out a tiny figure standing on the highway. As I came close I saw it was a policeman, who was signaling me to stop. I stopped. Then he waved me on again. There was nothing in sight. I asked him, 'Why did you stop me?' He answered, 'Because it is my job.' I said, 'But there isn't any traffic.' And he said, 'But there will be.'"

Our destination that morning was Lake Bled in the Julian Alps. In summer, Bled is one of Europe's celebrated health resorts. In winter, however, it's nearly dead—which, it turned out, is a fine way to find the place. It was dreamlike, the

still waters surrounded by peaks and guarded from 325 feet above by a medieval castle, walled and moated. The promenade around the lakeshore lay beneath arched black branches pillowed with snow. Swans glided on the gray waters. The lake was not frozen, an unusual condition so deep into winter, so skating, a celebrated local custom, was out of the question.

But the Grand Hotel Toplice was open. It's an elegant five-story anachronism from the days before socialist taste dictated that only streamlined buildings are to be considered the epitome in architecture. The Toplice was built in 1931 with an Old World attention to detail—parquet floors, silk wall covering, thick floor-to-ceiling drapes. A smiling, dapper man introduced himself as Mr. Jare (pronounced Yotz) and said he was the sales director of the Toplice. In the course of conversation, he said that he possessed two university degrees, that he spoke seven languages and that he had been at the hotel for 25 years. He said that King Alexander of Yugoslavia had visited the Toplice in the 1930s and may have witnessed the first hockey game ever played in Yugoslavia, a match between Hungary and Czechoslovakia on Lake Bled in 1932. Jare spoke of Dr. Arnold Rakli, who had spurred tourism at Lake Bled in 1855 when he started an open-air camp to treat people with tuberculosis. Jare mentioned that the Toplice was filled with Nazi generals—"generals only"—during World War II. This region, he said, was a hotbed of Yugoslav guerrilla activity, and his own father had been a heroic leader of the partisans. Jare also recalled that Bobby Fischer had won an important match at the Toplice in 1961 when he beat Mikhail Tal of the U.S.S.R., and he said that there had been many guests of international significance at the hotel—U Nu when he was prime minister of Burma, President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt, King Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, to name a few. Jare brought out a guest book and fondly displayed the inscriptions therein of a variety of celebrities, including Carlo Ponti, Simon Wiesenthal, Walter Szlezak, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. Jare was proudest of the page signed by Josip Broz Tito and his wife, but then he made a sour face and said, "Some bad-mannered British couple has chosen this same page to write their foolish names."

continued

"Listen to the wild.
It's calling you."

Robert Service
Hear all the Wild



The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



Discover Yukon Jack. Proud and potent at 100 proof. Yet so smooth, so flavorful, it tempts even the most civilized. Straight, mixed or on the rocks, Yukon Jack truly stands apart.

Always Smooth. Always Potent.
100 Proof.
Yukon Jack.

Yukon Jack Liquor imported and bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. See Age 18 U.S.A. ©1987 Dist. Mead & Co., Inc.

YUGOSLAVIA

continued

That night a man from the Lake Bled Tourist Association met Cooke and me for a drink in the congenial hotel bar. His name was Bogdan Sanca, and we asked him if he thought the Olympics in Sarajevo would be well run. He frowned and said, "Tourism is not traditional in Bosnia [where Sarajevo is located]. There will be problems."

Before I recount the rest of his answer, let me explain some facts behind it: The Land of South Slavs is a patchwork nation of six republics (Bosnia-Herzegovina, Montenegro, Croatia, Macedonia, Slovenia and Serbia), plus two autonomous provinces in Serbia (Vojvodina and Kosovo). There are large numbers of six different ethnic groups within the country (Montenegrins, Croats, Macedonians, Muslims, Slovenes and Serbs), as well as 18 nationalities of which Albanians,

Hungarians, Turks and Slovaks are the most numerous. There are three major languages spoken (Serbo-Croatian, Slovene and Macedonian), each different from the other. In the north Yugoslavs tend to show more the characteristics of central Europe, while those in the south reflect the influence of Turkey, Greece and Albania. This makes for deep ethnic differences—and dislikes—within the country, and as often as not there will be provincial prejudice in any opinion expressed by people in one part of Yugoslavia about people in another part.

With that perspective, here's the rest of Sanca's opinion concerning the possibility of a well-run Olympics: "The problem is the small things. Nobody changes light bulbs. The running water stops and no one fixes it. These are small things. But, of course, it only takes small stones to make a full mosaic. The difference between Slovenia and Bosnia is plain. They have looked to Allah to produce for them, and they patiently wait until tomorrow if Allah does not do it today. For hundreds of years they have lived in fear of Turks coming on horses, so they do little until to-

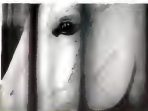
morrow—just in case the Turk comes today. Do you know this word 'phlegmatically'? This is what may prevail in Sarajevo. The big things, the competitions, will be very good. But the small things, the small things might make the big mosaic everyone remembers after the Olympics have long left Sarajevo."

The next morning, a glistening frosty morning at that, we set out for Kranjska Gora in the farthest northwest corner of Yugoslavia. It has been the prime Alpine skiing center for more than 50 years. It's located in the magnificent Julian Alps, named not after Julius Caesar, as one might assume, but after a German biologist named Julius Kugy, who settled in this part of Slovenia in the 18th century. Kugy's mountains include Triglav, at 9,395 feet the tallest in Yugoslavia. Cooke and I skied in Kranjska Gora with Leopold Ferjančič, head of the local tourist bureau. The skiing is pleasant, but this isn't San Valley. Later, Ferjančič led us to a small restaurant with a dazzling view of peaks and peaks all around, and treated us to a glass of *slivovitz*. While we sipped, an urgent voice speaking in some Slavic language spilled forth from a radio. When the voice stopped, Ferjančič slammed his hand on the table and the whole restaurant burst into applause. He said, "Bojan Križaj, our fine slalomist, has just won a World Cup race. He is our premier athlete now. If he wins a gold medal in our Olympics, he will be as big to us as Babe Ruth is to you."

That evening we retraced our route to Maribor. On the following day, the last Sunday before Lent, a carnival was to occur in the ancient town of Ptuj, pronounced *Ptoey*, as in spitting tobacco. A crowd of several thousand had gathered at the town square, which is surrounded on three sides by old stone walls. Our guide for the occasion was a handsome blonde woman named Nevenka, who introduced herself as being from Radio Ptuj. She explained that we would see groups from various villages in the area, each acting out a different local ritual. "Mainly," said Nevenka, "these things are about the coming of spring and the parting of winter. The idea is to scare winter away. The costumes are authentic, except sometimes you will see an ancient ghost wearing Adidas running shoes. We overlook these things."

There was a complex dramatization of an ancient wedding ceremony in which a

continued



Lipizzancers, each branded with an L, are trained to perform stunts like at the Lipica stud farm.



PLAYERS GO PLACES

Meet
Players 100's.
Regular and Menthol



© Philip Morris Inc. 1993

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

14 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

YUGOSLAVIA

continued



in the region was crossbred with Spanish stallions and mares, renowned for their regal bearing and their high-stepping pace known as the Spanish walk, and later Arabians, to develop the world-famous Lipizzaners.

Centuries of off-and-on war have disrupted the stud a number of times. In 1943 the Nazi occupiers of Lipica shipped 179 horses to a "united stud" in Czechoslovakia. Only 11 came back after the war.

Things have brightened since then. The director of the farm is a dignified fellow named Andrej

Franetič, and he's happy to report that the stud has now grown to 250 horses. Franetič took us on a tour of the farm. He showed us the stalls, where he pointed out the faint L, tattooed on each Lipizzaner's cheek. He showed us several colts, which are born black, and the dirt-floored arena used to train the show horses. One handler put his horse through the famed capriole—the graceful, yet brutal maneuver in which the horse springs off the ground with all four feet and snaps out his rear hooves in a violent midair kick. This, legend has it, was intended to decapitate enemy foot soldiers during battle. Franetič announced with zest that he would now take us to the "hall of marriage." Since his English was coming to us through an interpreter who was admittedly out of practice, Cooke puzzled briefly over this term and

continued

virgin was married to a tree. There were bell ringers, folk dancers, men dragging plows and men snapping whips. Mainly, there were the kurenti. They're a Slovene specialty, designed to scare the hell out of winter and bring spring in immediately, if not sooner, and they come in several varieties. Some clanked with bells, some had drums, some carried clubs. They tended to advance into the square using curious ambulations, some of which owed much to Groucho Marx and some of which the Monty Python Department of Silly Walks would be delighted to have invented. Some wore shaggy sheepskins, some chicken feathers, and some did sport Adidas shoes. At noon all the kurenti gathered for a mass winter-scaring dance in the square. They set up a terrible din with their bells and chants. The morning had been dark gray, dim and wintry as death, but at the very moment the dance began the sun broke through and bathed us all in springlike light. Cooke said, "Hey, this works pretty well. Maybe we will have to transfer this to Sarajevo next winter." Nevenka smiled and said, "I doubt if kurenti have power over smog."

The next day we were in Lipica, the original home of the 400-year-old Lipizzaner breed of horses. It all began here in 1580 when the area was part of Austria and the Archduke Charles bought the village of Lipica and set it aside for a stud farm. The superb breed of horses



The American League Had To Trust Someone To Deliver In A Sticky Situation.



Sports fans all across the country are now familiar with the historic decision handed down by Lee MacPhail, President of the American League, regarding the "Great Pine Tar/Bat Debate." Unknown, however, is another important decision which the office of the American League was required to make, namely, how to ensure that said bat would be safely and promptly returned to its rightful owner — a Mr. George Howard Brett of Kansas City, who required this tool for his work.

Once President MacPhail's first decision was proclaimed, national attention focused on the fate of the suddenly famous bat itself. Collectors coveted it and even a representative of the Baseball Hall of Fame phoned to request it, but most important of all, George Brett needed it. We at Emery are pleased to report that the item in question was safely delivered into Mr. Brett's waiting hands the next morning, well before batting practice.

And we're proud that our overnight delivery service was once again the one called upon to deliver in the clutch.

EMERY
WORLDWIDE



We've earned the trust of American Business.

YUGOSLAVIA

continued

then said, "Of course, he means the breeding shed." That made sense. But when Franetić threw open the door to the "hall of marriage," we gasped. The place had marble floors, a great chandelier and what looked like an altar. Cooke and I stared at each other. Breeding shed? Good God, any stallion working in environs like this had to produce kingly progeny. Through the interpreter, Franetić said that about 150 "couples" were "married" by him here each year. We thought the terminology was ungodly

drove down the mountain seven twisting miles to Trieste. We'd already eaten in quite a number of Yugoslav restaurants, and the preponderance of grilled meat was beginning to pall. So the sight of the harbor in Trieste with its plethora of seafood restaurants was positively glorious. We dined at the *Nastro Arbruzzo* and picked our seafood from fresh iced specimens displayed on a rolling table. We drank two full bottles of superb Italian wine, one red, one white. On the way out of town we stopped at the railroad station

When they saw us watching, they steered close and one shouted something that we didn't understand and so indicated. He swung about, flashed past us again and shouted in English, "Bura-surfing: better than wind!"

We stayed at the Metropole Hotel, and found the rooms smartly modern and spacious, with grand 10th-floor views over the sea. The tourist bureau man who met us was a professional enthusiast named Roman, who told us that Portorož was once favored by the Hapsburgs as a



In the vineyard along the road from Pirike to Zadar, sheep outnumber humans.

cute for a man involved in a full-time career of getting horses to copulate on demand, when suddenly it dawned on us: It was a marriage hall—for human beings. Franetić, as director of a stud farm, had roughly the same powers as a ship's captain and was allowed to marry people.

That hilarious little misunderstanding cleared up, we adjourned to his sunny office, sipped *slivovitz* and admitted one of the best photographs ever taken of the late Marshal Tito, who though dead three years still lives pictorially in the form of a portrait on the walls of almost every public place. At Lipica, however, the marshal is seated comfortably on a Lippizaner, handsomely dressed in tweed jacket and a jaunty checkered cap, looking as much like an aristocrat as any tough old socialist dictator could ever manage.

That night Cooke and I made a quick run across the border into Italy. We

and bought the *International Herald Tribune*, which along with all other foreign newspapers had been temporarily banned from Yugoslavia as one small way of helping the country correct its weighty balance-of-payments problem. We returned after dinner to Lipica.

The next morning was radiant, but an arctic gale was blowing. Yugoslavia's call this wind the *bora*. It blasts down from the mountains in the north and keeps up its high-velocity chill for one, three or seven days. We headed to Portorož on the Adriatic Sea, assuming that that great body of blue water would take some of the bite out of the *bora*.

Definitely not. If anything, the wind blew harder at the seashore. Portorož, part of a kind of Slavic Italian Riviera, and its streets were almost totally deserted at this time of year. There was also nothing in sight at sea except for two windsurfers in wetsuits who zipped about on the shimmering blue harbor.

resort. Roman also told us with pride that in 1928 Portorož was awarded first prize as the best thermal spa in all of Europe.

The major reason for this ranking, he explained, was the salty black mud obtained from the vast salt plains outside town. The thermal bath business is still thriving today, Roman said, and he took us into an aging yellow stucco building operated by a hard-eyed, hard-veiling doctor who led us on a tour mainly consisting of his flinging open doors to reveal startled women, immersed to the neck in pots of smelly black mud. The doctor told us that he could treat everything from obesity to "female problems" with this mud.

There was a casino in the Metropole replete with crystal chandelier and cynical-looking croupiers in tuxedos. Cooke and I changed Yugoslav dinars into Italian liras—only foreign currency and foreign gamblers are allowed in Yugoslav casinos—and played blackjack and rou-

continued

Are you ready for high-performance photography?

The Minolta Program System X-700 will put you into high-performance photography.

Voted "Camera of the Year" by two consecutive year take you from far program automation to total manual control with the turn of a wheel. In the program mode, all you do is "focus and shoot." Its computer balances the light for startling results. It shoots "faster" than other program cameras, so you can stay there longer when facing light.

In Program Auto lock mode, 200 and 400 film perform like single speed film. It's an automatic camera. But it's also a camera that can be used in manual mode. And that's the reason you can't resist it.

the built-in controlled flash for perfect exposure.

In aperture priority, it reads and controls film speeds. The program mode is the most flexible. It can be used in shutter priority, depth of field priority, exposure bracketing, and more.

For all the excitement and performance of the X-700, Minolta 1:5 f/5.6 lens is standard with the optional Minolta Motor Drive. And the micro computer Mini-Flashback to increase your life and reduce risk.

A 3-year warranty, 100,000 shutter cycles, and other assurances.

You get all this quality protection of Minolta's "Mastermetal" gear long lasting lens A warranty. See the X-700 and other high performance Minolta lenses. Take your photography to the next level.

MINOLTA CORPORATION
1000 N. 17TH AVE., SUITE 100
MINNAPOLIS, MN 55403
(612) 338-1000



MINOLTA



Minolta X-700 shown with optional Motor Drive 1 and 50mm 1:5 Minolta MD lens

X700

ONLY FROM THE MIND OF MINOLTA

YUGOSLAVIA

continued



Within Dobrovai's medieval battlements, the "corso" is the preferred recreation.

lette. We were 85,000 liras ahead, about \$55, when we quit well before midnight. At the time, there were five croupiers and two gamblers—us—in the place.

The bora still blew in the morning. We headed inland, through some Vermont-

Lobsters are but one example of the luscious seafood available along the Adriatic Coast.



like mountains, and then down again to the sea and through the port of Rijeka. We climbed again into some mountains, as steep and jagged as those around Telluride, Colo. We crossed passes where snow rose to 10-foot heights on each side of the road. We wound up in wooded hilly country that lay beneath a deep blanket of snow that had recently fallen in a fierce blizzard. Trucks and cars were still stuck in snow along the road.

We were in Plitvice National Park, which contains one of the oldest forests in Europe. This park is also famous for its descending necklace of 16 lakes, which have a deep-spring source—plitvice—high in the hills. Dame Rebecca wrote it was "the most laughing and light-minded of natural prodigies."

In summer the park draws some 8,000 tourists

a day, and in winter you have it to yourself. I put on my cross-country skis and climbed along the forest path. There was no one else in sight. I skied down alone in a mauve forest twilight. Surprisingly, at dinner the vast festive dining room at the hotel held a couple of hundred people. A very dapper, very old man was playing a piano in an old-fashioned lounge style. Among the tunes he played in an utterly bizarre juxtaposition of time, place and culture were *South of the Border* and *In the Mood*.

In the morning Cooke and I hiked down a zigzag path to the foot of the largest waterfall in the Plitvice chain, the Kozjak Falls, which plunges 250 feet. With us were a local ski instructor named Ivo and a young woman named Dana, an assistant in the tourist bureau. Dana had returned two years earlier after having spent her childhood in Hamilton, Ontario. Her English was vintage North American teenager. She was most helpful, and as we stood looking up at the great frozen falls, she told us, "Couples come here, like, in spring and summer and get married right under the falls. You can have your wedding picture taken, you know, like, through the water. I don't have anyone to get married to yet, but, if I did—if I do—a wedding right here might be kind of, like, nice, you know?"

By noon we were on the road again. We crossed a mountain pass and came onto snowless ground covered with sharp rocks. Here and there men in black suits followed small flocks of sheep over the stony wasteland. We saw no sign of a human domicile for miles. Then we came over the brow of a hill and there was the Adriatic again, its shore dense with houses and trees.

It looked so welcoming after the cold stony landscape that we were jolted severely when we got out of our car at the harborside in the ancient town of Zadar and found that the bora had not let up. The streets of Zadar twist through old walls and past ancient churches, including the 9th-century church of St. Donat and the exquisite cathedral of St. Anastasia. Cooke and I had been told to dine at a small restaurant called Primošten, which was concealed in a labyrinth of tunnellike passages below the walls of St. Anastasia. At Primošten all the fish was broiled on an open charcoal fire outside the restaurant. We were quite late and the chef, a scowling young man, was

continued



WE KNOW ALL ABOUT MAKING SPORTSWEAR THAT PERFORMS. WE LEARNED IN THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS.

When the pros go out to play, they play rough. And everything they use in the game has to be built to take it.

We know. We make uniforms and practicewear for 24 of the 28 teams in the NFL.

We make them tough, resilient, and good-looking. And we make sportswear for you the same way.

WE DO EXTENSIVE RESEARCH IN THE FIELD.

To survive in competition this fierce, it's not enough to be strong. You've got to be smart, too.

For example, back in the 1950's, our research team developed the tearaway jersey—the first ever. And all across the nation, players who'd give the shirts off their backs to score, did.

On the other hand, our research team also makes active and casual sportswear that stays together. In fact, our seams will withstand 50 pounds of pressure per square inch without ripping.



© 1993 Russell Athletic Corporation

So Russell Athletic can endure lots of wear and washing. And still look good enough to help you score a few points yourself.

THE COMPETITION'S TOUGH, BUT WE'RE TOUGHER.

You'll probably never wear your Russell Athletic the way the pros do. Never grind it in the mud. Never crush it under a pile of linebackers.

But if you did, it would still look great. Because we make everything stronger than it has to be.

You see, out on the field we learned that the competition is in you, not around you. You push past old limits, old thresholds of endurance because you want to—nobody makes you.

That's performance. That's Russell Athletic.



RUSSELL ATHLETIC
THE GENUINE ATHLETE™

Made in Alexander City, Alabama, U.S.A. And sold in leading department and sporting goods stores.

YUGOSLAVIA

continued

angry that he had to go into the freezing night to cook our dinner. He pulled a thick knitted cap over his head, struggled into an overcoat and threw us a fierce look of reproach as he beaved the bora that assaulted his "kitchen." Despite his attitude the fish was perfect—sweet and moist inside, browned and crisp outside. We drank a white wine made by the owner. All of the restaurant help, including the sulky chef, then sat down, and together we watched on television the 1969 movie *The Sergeant*, starring Rod Stei-

completed it in 305 A.D. Originally the palace was a spacious, gracious example of Roman architecture. But, alas, Salona, a neighboring town, fell before barbarian attack in the 7th century, and after the invaders finally left, thousands of displaced persons took up residence in every nook and cranny of the palace. Today, at the ripe age of 1,678, the place is positively exuberant. With its permanent population of 10,000 people, the palace is perhaps the world's liveliest and best-utilized ruin.

shoulder to shoulder with a throng of peaceful people walking nowhere in particular at a nicely measured pace. After about an hour the reel runs backward—with no signal at all, the throng evaporates and the plaza is left again to the cold wind.

Cooke and I stayed at the Hotel Excelsior, each in a huge, sun-brightened corner suite looking out on the sea and the town. Each suite cost about \$80 a day; in summer, the tab would have been \$150. All along the Adriatic, the seafood had been magnificent. Everyone everywhere seemed to have perfected the delicate ability to cook fish over charcoal without turning it dry. And, as for the calamari, which is often cooked to the texture of a man's garters elsewhere, in Yugoslavia it's invariably tender and succulent.

We left Dubrovnik on the morning of Feb. 23, and here we could have taken two routes. One led back to Sarajevo, about three hours away, through spectacular mountains and via the city of Mostar with its famous arched bridge. This route would be the one a 1984 Olympics spectator might take. But Cooke and I were heading for Greece, you'll remember, and we'd been to Sarajevo before. So we took the other route, and entered territory unknown.

To our great surprise we were treated to as stunning a variety of landscapes as I've ever seen in a single day.

From Dubrovnik we climbed over the rocky ridge that borders the sea and found ourselves in a rock-strewn wasteland. After 25 miles or so, patches of snow began to appear on this moon-scape. The car was buffeted by icy winds. Soon solid white fields stretched as far as the eye could see. The terrain was as bereft of domiciles as Antarctica. Suddenly, through a mist of snow, we saw looming over us a huge peak, as menacing and startling as if the Matterhorn had popped up in Yugoslavia. We didn't know what to expect. Blizzards? Blocked roads? It

continued



From the coast, the road to Sarajevo passes through Mostar, with its minarets and famous arched bridge.

ger, with dialogue in English and subtitles in Serbo-Croatian.

The next day, the bora having fled overnight, we drove down the coast to the ancient port of Split. West had written: "Split, alone of all cities in Dalmatia . . . recalls Naples, because it also is a tragic and architecturally magnificent sausage-machine where a harried people of mixed race have been forced by history to run for centuries through the walks and cellars and sewers of ruined palaces. . . ." The Diocletian Palace in Split is a strange, sausage-machine structure that covers nine acres of streets, passageways, ancient gates, shops and residences. The Roman Emperor Diocletian

Dubrovnik, the most famous of all Yugoslavian tourist destinations, is two hours down the coast. It's a walled and turreted sea settlement, so perfectly composed on its rocky peninsula that West said it was like "a city on a coin." In summer Dubrovnik teems with tourists, about 55,000 a day. In winter it's splendidly underpopulated, with a scant 3,000 visitors a day, the only crowds occurring at the hour of the corso, the daily twilight promenade that West called "the heart of social life in every Yugoslavian town." In Dubrovnik the corso occurs on a plaza of polished cobblestones. One moment the plaza is empty, and the next, without any noticeable commotion, it's filled almost



The stereo receiver you grow into, not out of.

Sony has created a receiver with one vital feature most other units simply aren't able to offer you a future.

A receiver that serves as the foundation for a system that not only includes all of today's components, but includes an entire generation of components to come.

Sony presents the STR-VX550. Possessed with a unique Audio Video Control Center, it permits the integration of video components with audio components. al-

lowing you to play digital video cassettes and video discs through your high-fidelity system.

What's more, the receiver's innovative remote-control capability enables you to command not just volume, but virtually every Sony audio/video function—without getting up from your easy chair.

And listening to it is very easy indeed. For among other virtues this receiver offers Sony's brilliant Direct Access Tuning System. Even the amplifier does more than

merely supply its Audio Signal Processor provides leather-touch controls with extraordinarily low levels of noise and distortion.

All of which results in a receiver whose sound is so exceptional and whose capabilities are so expansive, there's only one element in your stereo system you're likely to outgrow.

Namely, your shelf space.

SONY.
THE ONE AND ONLY

YUGOSLAVIA

continued

was so wildly different from where we had been an hour earlier—civilized Dubrovnik—that we felt utterly disoriented.

As we drove on, the snow cover disappeared. The road became narrower and rockier and Cooke nodded knowingly. "These are the Yugoslav roads I knew and loved," he said. Now we zigzagged down into a wooded valley with a river rushing through. On both sides rose peaks of such grandeur that the only comparison is the Tetons of Wyoming. This was the Sutjeska National Park. The next two hours we spent on a two-lane road that wound along sheer stone cliffs high above the churning, changing Drina River, which miraculously switched its color from deep green to turquoise to cobalt to black. As the road curved along a ledge cut in the cliff, we occasionally passed through great rock hoops carved out of the stone.

At last—alas—it was over. We came onto flats along the Drina and saw the minarets of mosques, the first on this trip. We passed a huge sawmill with its noise

and smells and came into the city of Titovo Užice. Now we were in a far different Yugoslavia. The stamp of Turkish culture was clear. Though we had traveled but six hours from Dubrovnik, we'd passed through a Balkan looking glass. We saw a sign that said Restaurant Paris on a disreputable-looking building, and we decided to see what version of Paris we might find in grimy Titovo Užice. Restaurant Paris was large and smoky and smelled of cabbage and coffee. It was filled with men in fezzes and berets and caps. The place thundered with their laughter and conversation. A waiter appeared at our table. He wore a smeared white apron, a crumpled white shirt and a black bow tie, and he looked a little like Max Baer in middle age. He brushed the crumbs off the tablecloth with his hand, nodded crisply and gave us a much-thumbed mimeographed menu that, surprisingly enough, included a section in English. Cooke and I ordered cabbage salad, pork knuckle, coarse white bread and beer, and we finished the meal with



Turkish coffee and Turkish delights. We had no more enjoyable meal in all of Yugoslavia, and when we tipped Max the waiter 75c over the cost of both meals (\$3.20), he looked surprised, then saluted once and said, "Allah, friend, Allah."





Mount Koponik soars to 6,419 feet, but because of flat runs, skiing there isn't tops.

short, all the fixings for a capitalistic spree of conspicuous consumption. Cooke and I went into a gleaming super-market below street level and found ourselves amid lovely cheeses and sausages and salami, a great variety of Yugoslav wines and, believe it or not, lined up like a row of trophies, bottle after bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch.

Our hotel was less impressive. The elevator would not stop at the third floor, where our rooms were, and for the only time on this trip the desk clerks spoke no English—or German or French or Italian or Russian or Spanish, which are Cooke's other languages. The rooms were small, the beds saggy, the bathtub down the hall. However, we had a view of the square from the third floor, and the rate set a trip record for Balkan bargains: \$6 per person. "That's what you pay for the tax on a room in the States," said Cooke.

We proceeded through late afternoon to the town of Kraljevo and found yet another kind of Yugoslavia. The entire center of town had been made over into a sleek, auto-free shopping mall full of people strolling past bright windows displaying TV sets, blenders, phonographs—an

Our next stop was the top of Mount Koponik, where we visited an ambitious ski area soon to become the biggest in the country, putting old Kringska Gora in the shade. There are now 800 beds in area hotels, but the plan is to quintuple that number by 1985 and to add a golf course for summer trade. Unfortunately, old Mount Koponik has a bald, round-topped summit at 6,419 feet, and the runs there are frigid and wind-blasted—and flat. The skiing is, for now, pretty to look at but not very challenging.

We drove down Koponik after lunch, switchbacking through great snowdrifts that we assumed would be our last major contact with the white stuff for the rest of the trip. Somewhere in the recesses of our minds, we had the idea that, with each southward mile, we would move closer to some kind of early Balkan spring full of sweet breezes and balmy sunshine.

We were driving through Kosovo now, one of two independent provinces within the republic of Serbia. This territory had been held by the Turks for 500

continued

INTRODUCING You're looking at what probably should be your family's next new **THOROUGHLY** vehicle. If you appreciate things like: lots of room, lots of comfort, lots of **LUXURIOUS** style, lots of fuel economy, lots of power and agility. The new leaner, meaner Jeep, **4-WHEEL DRIVE.** Wagoneer is all of **24/32**

true, high-luxury. With a smooth car-like ride on the road, total comfort for 5 passengers and the ease of 4 doors. Plus Wagoneer gives you Shift-on-the-fly between 2- and 4-wheel drive as standard equipment. So **THE ALL-NEW**

with total convenience, you can both maximize your mileage and maximize your traction. The all-new Wagoneer. Leaner, meaner and thoroughly luxurious. At your Jeep dealers, who are proud to offer you the world's largest selection in 4-wheel **WAGONEER** **WHEN IT COMES TO 4-WHEEL DRIVE** drive. Buy or lease one today. **ONE WORD SAYS IT ALL** **JEEP**

Jeep is a registered trademark of Jeep Corporation. *Use figures for comparison. Your mileage may vary with speed, weather, trip length. Actual HWY and CA figures lower.



YUGOSLAVIA

continued



Nothing brightens up an audience like a star from the world of sport. And the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Speakers Bureau has 2000 of them ready to sparkle at sales meetings, award dinners, conventions, store openings or wherever else the color and excitement of sports can help you shine.

For more information, advertisers in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** should contact their *SI* sales representative. Non-profit and/or charitable organizations should call or write Keith Morris, Director, *SI* Athletes Service Program and Speakers Bureau, Time & Life Bldg., New York, N.Y. 10020, (212) 841-3338-9.



Sports Illustrated
Speakers Bureau

years. Indeed, we weren't far from the historic Plain of Kosovo where the Turks first crushed the Serbs in 1389. So complete was the defeat and the Serbs' subsequent demoralization that it was not until 1912—on almost the same bloody battleground—that the final heroic campaigns to rid the region of the invaders took place. This land had seen hard, tragic times, and West had written a peculiarly despondent passage after traveling through it: "The earth is not our mother's bosom. It shows us no special kindness. We cannot trust it to take sides with us . . . we are alone and terrified. Kosovo

Isač, more than any other site I know, arouses that desolation. . . . For it is crowded with the dead, who died in more than their flesh, whose civilization was cast with them into their graves."

We arrived in Skopje, the capital of Macedonia, long after dark. Though there was no snow, the city was as chilly as any town we'd been in so far. We entered the Grand Hotel to find the desk clerk wearing a thick scarf around his neck. Rubbing his hands, he informed us that the hotel furnace was broken—no heat, no hot water tonight. We went to the cocktail lounge in the lobby where a waiter wearing an overcoat served us *slivovitz* poured by a bartender wearing a wool cap pulled over his ears. In the dining room the waiter wore a white waistcoat and black tie as if the temperature were normal, but the place was in fact as cold as the lobby, and Cooke and I dined wearing our overcoats. We had a fine veal soup, *čevapčići*, for the 1,000th time and what our hot-blooded waiter called a "black wine," a hearty deep Macedonian red called *Krastošija*.

We departed Skopje in the morning and headed for our last destination in Yugoslavia, Lake Ohrid, set deep in the southwest corner of the country, flush up against one of the oddest, saddest nations on earth these days, Albania. When we arrived, our dream of driving into an early Balkan spring shattered like a dropped icicle. Though the sun was dazzling in

Ohrid, the frigid wind was whistling directly down the 18-mile length of the lake. Ohrid is a large, unusually clear body of fresh water that is mainly spring-fed. It has a maximum depth of more than 900 feet, and it never freezes. It abounds with a lovely white trout and contains a bizarre population of eels called *jegalja*, a thick, prehistoric thing that weighs 10 or 12 pounds. Though ugly as sin, the *jegalja* tastes a bit like chicken.

South along the lakeshore lies the famous monastery of Sveti Naum. It has a number of ancient buildings, the most

interesting one being a 10th-century church perched on a point above the lake. It's a small, odd structure with two red-and-white brick cupolas and a red tile roof. "In shape it is like a locomotive," West had proclaimed. The only sound was the rushing of the spring-fed river. A couple of

peacocks stratted desultorily about. It was a perfect scene of peace—except for one thing: Sveti Naum is located less than a mile from the border between Yugoslavia and Albania.

A man in Ohrid had referred to that padlocked land as "the largest prison in the world." Perhaps it is—people haven't been allowed freely in or out of Albania in 38 years. Stories that seep out of there portray the place as being set in a dark and different century—the population of 2.75 million is, for example, almost totally without automobiles; only high government officials have them. There is a deep hatred in Yugoslavia of anything Albanian, including other Yugoslavs of Albanian descent. From upper Slovenia to lower Macedonia we heard nothing but whispered scorn and muttered suspicion about these people. In Ohrid one of our Slav guides had told us that the men in white fezzes were of Albanian extraction, and he added, "I tell you that so you can avoid them." It was one of the more unpleasant aspects of the Land of South Slavs.

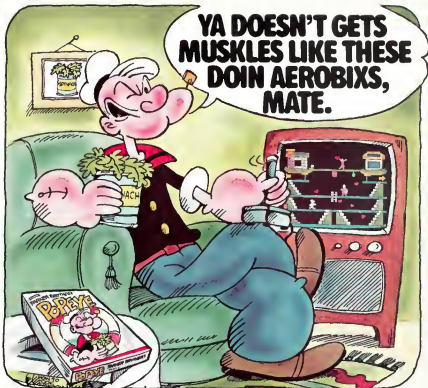
We slept our last night in Yugoslavia at Ohrid and just as it was turning light

continued



A decoration on Sveti Naum's monastery.

**YA DOESN'T GETS
MUSKLES LIKE THESE
DOIN AEROBIXS,
MATE.**



Ya gets 'em from fightin' with big, bad bullies like Brutusk. And from punchin' out beer bottles. And from blasticatin' vultures. And from runnin' around trying to make points with shapely dames like me goil, Olive. Natcherally, it doesn't hoit to down a can o' spinach once in a whilst.

And that's exackly what yas does in me new Popeye home video game from Parker Brothers. Runnin' through three screens at a bliskerin' pace, just like the arcade.

So you's can ferget all them new fandangled body buildin' schemes. Playin' me new video game at home can give ya fabulouusk forearmus like me own, in no time at all.



Screen 3 is the most dangerous of them all.



**PARKER
BROTHERS**

Popeye is available for Atari 2600, Intellivision, Atari 5200 and ColecoVision Systems.

*Plus Atari 400 and 800 and Commodore VIC 20 game computer systems.

Popeye is a registered trademark of I.W.O. & Co. Inc. and is used by King Features Syndicate Inc. Package design © 1983 Parker Brothers, New York, NY 01111

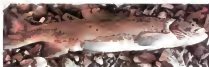


YUGOSLAVIA

continued

the next morning we drove to a tiny village on the lake and stood shivering on the shore to watch the fishermen bring in their catch. It was a meager one, as it turned out—too cold, said the fishermen. Then we drove to the town of Struga, on the north shore of the lake, where a cacophonous marketplace was in full operation. Peasants had arrived before dawn, bringing cheese and butchered sheep, honeycombs and homemade shoes. The women were dressed in brilliant Macedonian costumes. Someone told us that the women traditionally wore every bit of clothing they own on market days—10 or 20 skirts—so even the thinnest ones look fat. Cooke and I wandered about and were jostled and crowded by jabbering bargain-hunters in a scene that could have been Marrakesh or Istanbul. But certainly not Ljubljana Or Plitvice. Or Split.

We set out for Greece. It was a swift and easy drive of about five hours to



This large white trout was found in Lake Ohrid, which is 900 feet deep.

Thessalonika, and we arrived after dark. We awoke to soft breezes and sunshine warm enough to bask in at an outdoor café. We watched Greeks promenading along the wide plaza bordering the harbor. We added up our mileage and found that from Vienna we'd driven 2,369 miles. We'd covered several civilizations in those miles, driven past territory seized at one time or another by Caesar and Napoleon, by the Turks and by the Nazis. In Black Lamb and Grey Falcon, Dame Rebecca was grappling with large questions about the many and varied mad acts of assassination and war that had for so long made this southeastern corner of Europe the wellspring of politi-

cal upheaval. As she wrote before her Yugoslav odyssey in 1937, "It was only two or three days distant, yet I had never troubled to go that short journey which might explain to me how I shall die, and why."

Cooke and I had no such grand motive; we were dealing in Games and fun, not in life and death. Nevertheless, it was in great part because of West that we'd had such a magnificent journey through the Land of South Slavs. And so, there in the warmth of the onrushing Greek spring we ordered a pair of double Beefsteak murtins, straight up, very dry and very cold, and then we toasted the grand old dame. And then we toasted her grand old tome. Then we toasted the Olympics because we were in Greece, and then we toasted the 1984 Winter Olympics, because we had just come from Yugoslavia. And then we toasted ourselves, and then Dame Rebecca again, and then we ordered another round.

END

FORT COLLINS, NORTHWEST TERRITORY,
100 MILES FROM THE POLAR ICE CAP.
WINTER—EIGHT MONTHS LONG.

Wherever you find a winter like this, you'll probably find Corona™ Portable Kerosene Heaters.

Built as rugged as the weather. They're safe, economical, easy-to-use, and backed by a Three Winter Limited Warranty.*

For over 40 years, people around the world have faced the worst winters on earth with one portable kerosene heater. Corona.



CORONA™
PORTABLE KEROSENE HEATERS

CORONA™ MADE FOR THE WORLD'S WORST WINTERS.

GLD

© 1983 GLD International Corporation, Subsidiary of Rival Manufacturing Company, 9975 Dayton Park Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45424. Check state and local codes for permitted use. California, Wisconsin and Massachusetts may restrict use in dwellings or build-ups of human habitation. Do not use in a multi-family dwelling unless permitted by law and a suitable kerosene storage area exists outside the residence. *For complete details of Corona's Three Winter Limited Warranty, contact GLD International.

Sports Illustrated POSTERS

SUPERSTARS

IN ACTION

BIG 2'x3' WALL POSTERS IN FULL COLOR.

PICK YOUR FAVORITES
HERE. **SAVE** WHEN
YOU ORDER 3 OR MORE.

Exciting photographs of your favorite sports stars, these posters make great wall decorations. They are shipped rolled in special crush-proof tubes. And they're even bigger bargains when you order three or more.

Tony Dorsett



FOOTBALL

- 4202 NFL Superstars
- 4252 Roland Harper
- 4286 Walter Payton
- 4291 Ken Anderson
- 4235 Ott Carrington
- 4237 Joe Ferguson
- 4266 Reggie McKenzie
- 4246 Randy Gradishar
- 4273 Craig Morton
- 4236 Mike Pruitt
- 4241 Brian Sipe
- 4265 Lee Roy Selmon
- 4245 O. J. Anderson
- 4275 Gus Danforth
- 4276 Jim Hart
- 4268 Dan Fouts
- 4223 Refik Whitlow
- 4281 Tony Dorsett
- 4276 Harvey Martin
- 4283 Royce Straubach
- 4262 Charlie Waters
- 4263 Randy White
- 4270 Ron Jaworski
- 4268 Steve Barkowski
- 4248 Waltz Francis
- 4234 Joe Montana
- 4225 Dwight Clark
- 4244 Phil Simms
- 4230 Rob Carpenter
- 4224 Lawrence Taylor
- 4227 Richard Todd
- 4226 Mark Gastineau
- 4271 Wesley Walker
- 4257 Gary Danvers
- 4223 Eric Haple
- 4250 Robert Brazile
- 4253 Ken Burroughs
- 4277 Earl Campbell
- 4256 Steve Grogan
- 4279 Ray Guy
- 4222 Marcus Allen
- 4238 Vince Ferragamo
- 4260 Pat Haden
- 4295 Jack Youngblood
- 4258 Joe Theismann
- 4232 George Rogers
- 4262 Jim Zorn
- 4299 Terry Bradshaw
- 4242 Joe Greene
- 4259 Jack Ham
- 4286 Franco Harris
- 4254 Jack Lambert
- 4231 Tommy Kramer

BASISBALL

- 4500 Baseball Superstars
- 4548 Carney Lunsford
- 4501 Rod Carew
- 4537 Reggie Jackson
- 4543 Eric Hosmer
- 4544 Dale Murphy
- 4546 Paul Molitor
- 4531 Gorman Thomas
- 4554 Robin Yount
- 4537 Keith Hernandez

- 4440 Mark Aguirre
- 4442 Buck Williams
- 4436 Darryl Dawkins
- 4439 Isaiah Thomas
- 4401 Julius Erving
- 4409 Moses Malone
- 4451 Jack Sikma
- 4441 Gus Williams
- 4429 George Gervin
- 4458 Artis Gilmore
- 4415 Alvin Adams
- 4432 Daniel Johnson
- 4407 Mervyn Thompson

TENNIS

- 4114 John McEnroe
- 4101 Bjorn Borg
- 4109 John Connors
- 4102 Ilie Nastase
- 4113 Vitas Gerulaitis
- 4112 Guillermo Vilas
- 4115 Martina Navratilova
- 4108 Rose Casals
- 4113 Virginia Wade
- 4111 Billie Jean King
- 4108 Evonne Cawley

BASKETBALL

- 4604 Sugar Ray Leonard
- 4601 Mike Tyson
- 4602 Kevon Gamble
- 4603 Rick Crotch
- 4604 Mike Tyson
- 4605 Mike Tyson
- 4606 Mike Tyson
- 4607 Mike Tyson
- 4608 Mike Tyson
- 4609 Mike Tyson
- 4610 Mike Tyson

HOCKEY

- 4601 Mike Tyson
- 4602 Kevon Gamble
- 4603 Rick Crotch
- 4604 Mike Tyson
- 4605 Mike Tyson
- 4606 Mike Tyson
- 4607 Mike Tyson
- 4608 Mike Tyson
- 4609 Mike Tyson
- 4610 Mike Tyson

BOWLING

- 4601 Mike Tyson

BOXING

- 4601 Mike Tyson

FOOT BUILDING

- 4601 Mike Tyson

Ordering with VISA or MasterCard
CALL TOLL FREE
Business hours: 8:30-5:30 Central Time
1-800-325-3313

(Missouri: (314) 343-8000)

Make your selections from the list, then (Visa or MasterCard orders) call to place your order. Each poster is just \$3.95—or a money-saving \$3 for \$10 (only \$3 for each additional poster thereafter)—plus \$1 per order for postage and handling. Missouri residents pay 4.5% sales tax.

Or send your check or money order to
Sports Illustrated

%, Meritcom,
Lockbox 2257, Hampton Bank,
4301 Hampton Ave., St. Louis, MO 63109

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery
(Sorry no foreign orders accepted)
Distributor and dealer inquiries welcome
Sports Illustrated is a trademark of Time Inc.



The new car.

The kids run their hands along the fenders and beg for a ride. Your wife savors the perfume she calls "new car smell." The neighbors come over but they don't say much. You can sense their envy in the air.

You turn the key and feel the quiet heartbeat of a young car, ready and anxious to please. The new car makes you feel better than almost anything. And to protect the car and that feeling, you have Nationwide on your side.

Your Nationwide agent knows how special the new car is to you, and knows how to protect you and your car with a policy specially designed for your needs. Auto insurance from Nationwide. It's all part of Nationwide's blanket protection.



Nationwide is on your side

Home Office: One Nationwide Plaza, Columbus, Ohio 43216 • Nationwide Mutual Insurance Company
Nationwide Mutual Fire Insurance Company • Nationwide Life Insurance Company
Available in most states. An equal opportunity employer.

BEST EVENT

Sir:

In Douglas S. Looney's article (*Staking a Claim to Best Ever*, Oct. 10), he describes the 1983 Nebraska Cornhuskers as the greatest college football team of all time and suggests that "numbers offer some help" in making his case. Indeed, they do. Nebraska has outscored its first five opponents 289-56, but many of those points have been scored against battered and vastly inferior defenses. As for Coach Osborne's weak apology regarding the late-game scoring, few residents of Minnesota would agree that Nebraska showed good sportsmanship by scoring 14 points, most of which came long after the outcome was no longer in doubt.

I do not wish to disparage Nebraska football. I do wish that judgment not be rendered until Nebraska has been tested by a top opponent. Should Nebraska defeat Oklahoma 63-7, then I, too, will join Mr. Looney in his opinion.

BUCK GWYN
Springfield, Mo.

Sir:

Let's remove the halo from Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne's head. Be real, Looney. Everyone knows that Nebraska runs up the score on any team it can. Last season, after Oklahoma's Kelly Phelps had a pass intercepted and run back to inside the five-yard line, Osborne was irate with his fans for running onto the field to display their relief. As far as I know, he wasn't angry because this showed little respect for Oklahoma's team. He was angry because the team was charged with a 15-yard penalty, and it couldn't score one more time. Nebraska led 28-24 with 24 seconds to go—Oklahoma had no time-outs left.

GLEN DIACON JR.
Oklahoma City

Sir:

In discussing best-ever teams, how could you fail to mention the 1972 USC Trojans? This national championship team had a backfield of Sam Cunningham, Anthony Davis and Mike Rae, and receivers Charles Young, Lynn Swann, Edsel Garrison and J.K. McKay. This team produced no fewer than 20 pro ballplayers, finished 12-0 and destroyed its last three, highly ranked opponents: UCLA, Notre Dame and Ohio State.

GARY PORCES
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sir:

How could Looney leave out the 1888 Yale team? I'm not an alum, but I know that the Elis, coached by Walter Camp, "The Father of American Football," were a great power

this year. They won all 13 matches, and they played against all the powers of the day except Harvard, which forfeited what would have been the 14th game. In the process, Yale scored 698 points to none—more than 53 points a game. And back then, the field was 10 yards longer and a touchdown counted only four points.

So this oldtimer will take the '88 Elis over the "Bugeaters," whose nickname since 1900 has been the Cornhuskers.

TOM BRASSER
Seminole, Fla.

'EYE OPENER

Sir:

Your story (*Suddenly, the 'Eyes Have It*, Oct. 3) said, "By beating Ohio State 20-14, the Iowa Hawkeyes showed that in the Big Ten, the Big Two has become the Big Three."

This now should be updated to read: "By beating Iowa 33-0 on Oct. 1, the Fighting Illini showed that in the Big Ten, the Big Three has become the Big Four!"

MARC LAPP
Champaign, Ill.

ROOKIES REVISITED

Sir:

After identifying the lesser-known players on the cover featuring "The Best Rookies of 1968" (*Memories Are Made of This*, Oct. 3 and 19TH HOLE, Oct. 17), I wanted to learn more about them. I borrowed a friend's address list of former major league players and attempted to telephone the three "unknowns" in the picture. I reached two of them.

Alan Foster and his wife now live in El Cajon, Calif. Foster pitched 10 years in the big leagues with the Dodgers, Indians, Angels, Cardinals and Padres and had a 48-63 record and 3.73 career ERA. A shoulder injury cut short not only Foster's baseball career but also his singing and guitar-playing second career with former major-leaguer Tommy Huston. Foster did, however, leave a couple of marks on the game. He retired the first batter he faced in the big leagues in '67 on a ground-out to short—not too unusual, but the batter was Hank Aaron. Later that season, while with Spokane in the Pacific Coast League, Foster pitched no-hitters in consecutive appearances against Seattle.

"Three of the five rookies on the cover—Don Pepper, Mike Torrez and myself—were sent back to the minors that year," said Foster. He now owns and operates the Face Factory, a retail store for women's cosmetics near San Diego.

The cover photo also proved to be a jinx to Pepper, a first baseman whose major league career consisted of four games and three at bats for the Tigers in 1966. Pepper's contract was sold to the Montreal Expos in the spring of '69, but he was quickly optioned to Vancouver when the Expos' first baseman, Donn Clendenon, ended a short-lived retirement.

Instead of reporting to Vancouver, Pepper, who now lives in Saratoga Springs, N.Y. with his wife and two children, retired from baseball and helped his mother run the family turkey farm until it went under in 1971. Pepper is now a sales representative for CCC Associates, a seller of gift products such as silk flowers.

I could not locate Cisco Carlos, who had an 11-18 career record and a 3.72 ERA in brief stints with the White Sox and Washington Senators.

RON MORRIS
Durham, N.C.

• Cisco Carlos lives with his wife and two children in Scottsdale, Ariz., where he is a division manager for a company that designs and manufactures kitchen cabinets. He hasn't picked up a baseball since his career ended in the Mexican League in 1974.—ED.



FAN FARE

Sir:

Is there any way—any way at all—that you could arrange to send me an autographed photograph of Sarah Pileggi? She has always been a favorite, and her recent articles on the America's Cup races reflect a sense of drama, detailed research and just plain brilliant writing.

GEORGE C. FETTER
Lewiston, Maine

continued

Eliminate mistakes in two easy steps.



1. Take away your present typewriter.



2. Get a Xerox 620 Memorywriter.

The new Xerox 620 Memorywriter has an astonishing advantage over almost every other typewriter, including the leading competitor's: it can eliminate mistakes before you make them.

Using the Memorywriter's display, you can correct errors in the memory before they get on paper. Then press the "print" button and your one and only final draft comes out letter-perfect.

If, after reading, you want to change the letter and put in new information, there's no need to retype the entire letter. Simply make the changes in the display and press the "print" button. Almost instantly, your new letter is ready.

The 620 also lets you store standard information, phrases you use frequently, even entire form letters or multi-part forms, and print them out (with any changes you want) at the touch of the "print" button.

The same machine also offers you a choice of three different type sizes and proportional spacing.

And don't forget, the 620 is only one of six available models. The 610, the lowest priced Memorywriter, has many of the automatic features of the 620 and also prints 29% faster than our leading competitor's models, electric or electronic. And, with its removable diskette, no typewriter has more memory than the 630.

The Memorywriter family has a built-in guarantee against obsolescence: they're all upgradeable. As your needs change, we can add additional features right in your office.

For more information, call 800-648-5888, operator 658, or your local Xerox office, or mail in the coupon.

Then you'll be only two steps away from eliminating mistakes forever.

Xerox Corp., Box 24, Rochester, N.Y. 14692.

- ☐ Please have a sales representative contact me.
☐ I'd like to see a Memorywriter demonstration.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____ Title _____

Company _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

6/89

© 1989 XEROX

Visa, MasterCard, American Express cards accepted

XEROX® 610, 620 and 630 are trademarks of XEROX CORPORATION

BEFORE



AFTER



YES! Now you CAN create the kitchen of your dreams!

Discover how easy it is to transform your kitchen to add new style, convenience and charm **YOURSELF!** Even if you've never been handy before. All you need are your own ideas, plus the clear, step-by-step guidance found in *Kitchens and Bathrooms*, the hard-working, money-saving introduction to *Time-Life Books'* acclaimed how-to series—



HOME REPAIR AND IMPROVEMENT

Complete, easy-to-follow instruction for hundreds of great projects!

Learn how to make all kinds of kitchen improvements from building custom cabinets to installing a range fan hood, from tiling your floor to moving a wall. *Kitchens and Bathrooms* provides detailed illustrations and to-the-point text to answer your questions show every step involved.

Amazingly comprehensive

With *HOME REPAIR AND IMPROVEMENT's* clear comprehensive guidance, you'll soon be tackling projects with complete confidence and overwhelming success!

From Masonry, Walls and Ceilings and Doors and Windows to Built-ins, *The Old House and Adding On*, this invaluable series covers virtually every household improvement you might ever want to make.

Begin remodeling your house into the home of your dreams with *Kitchens and Bathrooms*. Like every volume in *HOME REPAIR AND IMPROVEMENT*, it's yours to examine for 15 days **FREE**. To add this book and subsequent volumes to your permanent how-to library, pay just \$9.95 plus shipping and handling for each book you keep.



Call toll-free 800-621-8200

(In Illinois 1-800-972-8302)

Or write, *TIME-LIFE BOOKS*,
Time & Life Building, Chicago, IL 60611

Orders subject to approval

©1984 TIME-LIFE BOOKS, INC.

18TH HOLE *continued*

SCOUTING THE ISLANDERS

Sir,

In his Hockey 1983-84 Scouting Reports (Oct. 10) Jack Filla condemns Detroit Red Wing G.M. James Devellano for acquiring Ron Duguay. This is the same James Devellano who, as director of scouting for the New York Islanders, scouted and drafted Mike Bossy. Filla condemns Devellano for signing Brad Park. This is the same Devellano who scouted and drafted Bryan Trottier, Denis Potvin, Duane Sutter, Bobby Nystrom, Clark Gillies, Dave Langevin, Stefan Persson, Anders Kallur and John Tonelli.

Incidentally, those 10 players have their names spelled out on the last four Stanley Cups—and Devellano's name is right there beside them on the first three.

ERA J. CHECKLA
Brooklyn

BASEBALL STATS

Sir:

Congratulations on hitting .308, 8 for 26, on your preseason baseball predictions. Your best picks included Baltimore and Detroit to finish 1-2 in the American League East and Los Angeles to finish first in the National League West. However, your worst picks included St. Louis to finish first in the National League East, Atlanta and Houston to finish fourth and sixth, respectively, and Texas to finish last in the American League West.

DAVID SHEPARD
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

TV TUTOR

Sir,

I was recently watching a football game on TV with my 15-year-old son and sharing his annoyance at the low quality of the announcing. I started telling him about the greatest football broadcasting team I have ever had the pleasure to hear. I recalled the deft, sure descriptions of every play, the clear explanations of the nuances and available alternatives and the knowledgeable discussions of strategy and of opportunities taken or missed.

I was trying to describe Marty Glickman and Al DeRogatis, who were the radio voices of the N.Y. Giants from 1961 to '68.

You can imagine my pleasure when I turned to William Taffie's piece (TV/RADIO, Oct. 10) about Glickman. I found it particularly appropriate that it was Marty Albert who was on the screen behind him in the photograph. Albert grew up listening to Glickman, and it shows.

Three cheers for NBC for acknowledging that their announcers need some help—and for its choice of a tutor.

DR. ROBERT S. TANNENBAUM
Anchrah, N.Y.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Serious Fun.

In Germany, the Love Boat never sails on TV. Frisbees only come and go occasionally. And how many Germans have ever heard of a Pet Rock?

So what do the Germans do for a good time?

They love to drive. Preferably in a Volkswagen GTI. Because the GTI is designed to be fun.

Not fun in the sense of a dashboard cluttered with all sorts of doodads.

But fun in the sense of a precision machine that respects and answers its driver's every wish.

And once you drive the 1984 GTI, you'll see that when it comes to enjoying life, nobody's more serious than the Germans.

The 1984 GTI \$8,350



**It's not a car.
It's a Volkswagen.**



